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RETURN OF PRINCE ALEXANDER TO BULGARIA: THE PRINCE CARRIED IN TRIUMPH BY HIS OFFICERS AT RUSTCHUK.
FROM A SKETCH BY M. JOSEPH NIEDEL.

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

"G. F. K.," who writes his name in Greek characters—for what reason I know not, seeing that the Russian alphabet contains only five Greek letters exclusive of those common to the alphabet of the Greeks, the Romans, and ourselves—sends me the following odd question:—"Why do you write St. Petersburg, when no man knows better than yourself that it was not named after Peter the Saint, but Peter the Sinner?" I know nothing whatever of the kind. The proper designation of the capital of the Russian Empire is St. Petersburg; although merchants and travellers sometimes colloquially speak of it as "Petersburg." Now and again, to avoid iteration, writers call the big city "Petropolis." It was not named after Peter the Sinner; it was named after St. Peter the Apostle, the patron saint of Tsar Peter, some time called the Great, and who, furthermore, erected on the banks of the Neva the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul.

The organ of the Russian Foreign Office in St. Petersburg is called "*La Gazette de Saint Petersburg*." In Russian, if my mind's eye does not deceive me—for I have no Muscovite newspapers about—the name of Peter's City is spelt thus: SANKT PETERBURG, with the semi-vowel "yer" after the terminal "g," to harden the pronunciation of that consonant. On the other hand, the Russians say "Peterhof" and "Petro-pavlofsk," and not "St. Peterhof" and "St. Petropavlofsk."

Mr. C. E. Howard Vincent, M.P., has advocated, in a very telling letter to the *Times*, the establishment of a University of Commerce for the better training of our clerks and commercial travellers and of our future bankers and merchant princes. In a subsequent communication to the leading journal, Mr. Vincent points out that at one of the schools of the City of London Middle-Class Schools Corporation, German is not taught at all, while French is taught "imperfectly"; and he ends by relating an alarming anecdote of a vice-chairman of the London Chamber of Commerce who recently wrote to him about a lad, the son of an hotel-keeper, coming to him for mercantile employment, "and yet ignorant of the existence of such a town as Sheffield; not knowing the name of a single place in Australia, and having no knowledge of the railway system."

Well, I must own, myself, that, ere I visited the Antipodes, I was sadly uncertain as to the precise whereabouts of Tumberumba; that I was not quite sure whether Mudgee (a most important town) was in New South Wales or in Victoria; and had I been suddenly asked to point out the precise places on the map occupied by Wallerawang, Toowoomba, Moorabool, Stewart Mill, and Whroo (such a nice place!), to say nothing of Vegetable Creek and Dirty Mary's Gully, you might have knocked me down with a feather: so overcome should I have been by the shame of conscious crass ignorance.

As for the lad's knowing nothing about the railway system, what should a lad, not being the Boy at Mugby Junction, know about the railway system, except that a trip to Brighton by an excursion train is a very nice thing, and that he will be "run in" by the police, and perhaps birched, if he be so imprudent as to throw stones at passing trains?

A University of Commerce is too ambitious as a scheme and too high-sounding as a name. That which is needed is a commercial training college, with thorough tuition in French, German, geography, arithmetic, book-keeping (of course), and the history of commerce as narrated by McCulloch and others.

"Hartfield," whose three questions I confessed in the "Echoes" of Aug. 28 that I was unable to answer, has proved to be kindness itself. He has not only sent me the recipe for dressing cold salmon (which I so painfully feared he would "cut off," as though it were an unpaid water-rate), but he has also given me two-and-sixpence in stamps for the poor blind net-maker whose dog is dead. I am glad now to be able to give "Hartfield" a reply to one of his trio of queries; but did he, or I, slightly misquote the line of which he was anxious to learn the derivation? It is not "To the glory of God and the fair Geraldine," but "For the glory of God and of Gwendoline," and the line occurs more than once in a beautiful poem called "The Romance of Britomarte," by an Anglo-Australian poet, named Adam Lindsay Gordon. Britomarte was a "destrier"; and Gordon was so splendidly horsey that he ought to have been Poet Laureate to the Centaurs. Here is a taste of his quality—

Not a bullet told upon Britomarte;
Suddenly snorting, she launched along—
So the osprey dives where the sea-gulls dart,
So the falcon swoops where the kestrels throng;
And full in my front one pistol flash'd,
And right in my path their sergeant got.
How our jack-boots jarr'd, how our stirrups clash'd,
While the mare like a meteor past him shot!
But I clove his skull with a back-stroke clean,
For the glory of God and of Gwendoline.

I should be slightly ashamed for not having been able at once to enlighten the inquiring "Hartfield," for I am an intense admirer of Gordon's poetry. One never gets tired of "Whisperings in Wattle Boughs," "Quare Fatigasti," "Unshriven," and "How We Beat the Favourite." But my favourite is "The Sick Stock-rider." I know most of its stanzas by heart—

There was Hughes, who got in trouble through that business with the cards;
It matters little what became of him.
But a steer ripp'd up MacPherson in the Cooraminta yards,
An I Sullivan was drown'd at Sink-or-Swim;
And Mostyn—poor Frank Mostyn!—died at last a fearful wreck,
In "the horrors" at the Upper Wandinong;
And Carlsbrooke, the rider at the Horsefall, broke his neck.
Faith! the wonder was he saved his neck so long!

In these racy, vigorous, but infinitely mournful lines there is a whole panorama of Australian bush life and manners.

I call Adam Lindsay Gordon an Anglo-Australian poet because, like another bright genius—Marcus Clarke, the author of the entrancing novel "For the Term of His Natural Life"—Gordon was of English birth. The son of an officer in the British Army, he was intended for military life; was a

Woolwich cadet, and emigrated to the Antipodes instead of taking up his commission. He tried sheep-farming in South Australia, and failed; he tried gold-mining, and failed; he tried "overlanding," stock-riding, boundary-riding, with the average results which those pursuits afford: a pound a week and your "tucker"—i.e., rations. He became the best amateur steeplechase rider in the colonies; and at Melbourne, in 1868, he won the Cup Steeplechase with a horse called Babblar. Almost simultaneously he published a volume of poems. The steeplechase victory made him immensely popular in sporting circles; the poems at once gained him admittance to the best literary society in Melbourne; and in the full flood of success, with congratulations pouring in upon him on every side, he was found dead in the heather near his home, with a bullet from his own rifle in his brain.

Mem.: Mrs. Menzies, the admirable proprietor of Menzies' Hotel, Melbourne, whose kindness and that of her daughter to me when I was in sore affliction I shall never forget, told me that she knew Gordon very well, that she admired and pitied him, and that he was in thought and feeling a high-bred and chivalrous gentleman. But he was the prey to a black, consuming melancholy, and his life was almost as miserable as his death.

I always like to answer notes from Dutchmen; and I hope before I die to learn some Dutch—not "double," and not to be spoken "backwards on Sunday"—but real Batavian. Why, I do not know: the reason for my ambition to acquire Hollander's tongue may be in some measure due to the chronic feeling of exasperation which overcomes me at being unable to understand more than one line in ten of the text of "Picart's Rites and Ceremonies"—a splendid edition, six vols., folio; large paper; the engravings in glorious condition—Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and the Hague, 1727.

At all events, I am pleased at hearing from "A. E. B.," Boekhorst Straat, the Hague, who, commenting on the paragraph in the "Echoes" about the poor little King of Rome (the only legitimate son of Napoleon the Great), adds that in May last he read in an Amsterdam paper that there had died in San Francisco an old man who called himself Gordon Bonaparte, and who claimed Saint Helena as his birth-place and the Exile of Longwood as his papa. "Is this story true?" asks my Batavian correspondent; "and do you know of any other supposititious children of Napoleon the First?"

The Saint Helena story is, I should say, apocryphal; but there are two gentlemen in her Majesty's Consular Service, the sons of the late Sir Thomas Reade, who assisted Sir Hudson Lowe in the troublesome task of preventing Napoleon from escaping from St. Helena, who should know much more about the truth or falsehood of the Gordon Bonaparte scandal than I do. General Edward Lowe, the last surviving son of Sir Hudson, has also joined the majority; and whether the married daughter of Mr. Balcombe, who was Napoleon's purveyor at St. Helena, is still in the land of the living, I know not. I forget her married name—was it Abel?—but I have, somewhere on my shelves, her charming narrative of Napoleon's residence at the Briars, when she was a young girl, and used to romp most tom-boyishly with the conqueror and captive of the earth.

With regard to the query whether I have known any other supposititious sons of Napoleon, I can reply "Yes." I have seen two—the late Count Walewski, sometime Foreign Minister to Napoleon III., and an Italian named Emiliani, in his time a noted violin-player. I can see him now—it was about 1840—in the orchestra of the Philharmonic Concerts, in face and figure the very "fetch" of dead Caesar. I have read, too, in the *feuilleton* of some French paper that there was also a black or mulatto Napoleon, born in Egypt, with a Nubian for a mamma. The black Napoleon, according to the French *feuilletonist*, made a shockingly bad end of it; in fact, he was guillotined for murder at Marseilles shortly after the accession of Louis Philippe.

This being the "Silly Season," the *Times* has been full day after day of most readable and interesting articles from its correspondents abroad. One recently published on the "Prisons of Holland" will, in particular, repay perusal. In the course of common-placing the article I came on the following curious paragraph:—

Some of the Groningen cells for the use of single invalid prisoners and for culpable debtors (who are also, and with advantage, punished in Holland with separate confinement instead of in jovial association with others, as in English jails) are 20 ft. long, 12 ft. high, and 10 ft. in breadth. Such construction, with good masonry, implies indeed a liberal outlay for the object in view.

Where and what, may I ask, is the "joviality of association" in English jails? If by "culpable debtors" are meant prisoners convicted of fraudulent bankruptcy, they can scarcely find their imprisonment jovial; and I should very much like to learn from some one of the ordinary debtors confined for the crime of impecuniosity in her Majesty's prison at Holloway how much association they enjoy in that sequestered retreat, and whether they find it, on the whole, jovial?

Mem.: There were days, indeed, when association in English debtors' prisons was not only jovial, but jolly—not only jolly, but riotously convivial. Study Haydon's picture of the Mock Election in the King's Bench; read what Dickens has to say about life in the Fleet, the Bench, and the Marshalsea, and you will be able to form some notion of the real "joviality" of incarcerated debtors in days gone by.

Those wonderful Greek gipsies have turned up again—this time in Hull. One might liken their adventures to those of Ulysses, only they are carrying their Penelopes with them. At Hull they were shipped on board the steam-ship Sprite, bound for Hamburg, whence, it is so stated in the papers, they will probably sail for America. But will the Americans have them? I am quite certain that the Australians would

not. It does not, on the other hand, appear to have occurred to these dirty nomads that the best thing they can do is to return to that Greece whence (they say) they came. Another earthquake might happen, and society would possibly and happily be rid of the Greek gipsies for good and all. But perhaps the vagabonds are reluctant to return to Hellas, or wheresoever else in the Levant they hail from, because they are wanted by the Greek police—not as gipsies, but as brigands.

"Dear Sir," writes "Citizen," "will you please be good enough to help me find the meaning (i.e., derivation) of the word 'chuck-steak'? I have consulted butchers, and books on etymology, without result." Although nothing came of his quest, I am glad that "Citizen" consulted the butchers before he applied to the books on etymology. The latter are mainly confusion. I do not know exactly what a chuck-steak is; but, if analogy will serve my correspondent's turn, he may be interested to know that when a fore-quarter of lamb is severed from the carcase, the next "cut," against the ribs, is "the chuck."

Another instalment of reply for "Hartfield," re the origin of the sign %: 3 per centum; 3 per cent.; 3 p.c.; 3 per/100; 3 p/100; 3 %. My thanks for the solution are due to "B. B. C."

What was it that Lord Randolph Churchill said to Mr. Henry Labouchere in the House of Commons lately about a bird and a net? I know; but I merely put the question because I have made up my mind not to be "netted" any more on questions of English grammar. Of that grammar I wrote in the year 1857 that I did not know five rules. I do not think that I know more than four and a half rules now; so, esteemed "D. M. C." (Weston-super-Mare), I will not pronounce whether it is correct to say "looking out of window" or "looking out at window." I very well remember, when I first went to school in England, to have my imperfect English ground out of me, that my schoolfellows jeered at me pitilessly because, being in a passion, I once threatened to throw a boy "by the window." You see, that I was thinking of "par la fenêtre."

"J. D.," Dorking, tells me that there is a life of Judge Jeffreys by a Mr. Woolrych, who has more completely whitewashed the terrible Chancellor than Horace Walpole has whitewashed Richard III. Forty years have elapsed since my correspondent saw the book; but it is doubtless in the library of the British Museum.

The French papers continue to overflow with anecdotes of the venerable M. Chevreul; I will quote two, a tragic one and a humorous one. When the distinguished chemist was a child of seven he was present, at a short distance from the scaffold, at the execution of Madame Du Barri, and was sighted by Sanson, the executioner, whom the poor wretch about to be guillotined addressed as "Monsieur le Bourreau." "Come nearer, little one," cried out the executioner, "it is fitting that youth should be early initiated in patriotic spectacles."

Now comedy. M. Chevreul was for many years director of the colour and dyeing department of the Gobelins. Morning, noon, and night he was surrounded by tapestry, pigments, wools, and thread. In his own private apartments there was not one single shred of carpeting. Well; the shoemaker's children are always ill-shod (so says the proverb, at least); the whip-maker's children are never chastised; and the young ladies at the pastry-cook's never touch raspberry tarts, and turn with invincible repugnance from Bath buns.

In the matter of the old blind net-maker of St. Martin's Church wall, whose poor dog is dead. I hope and have reason to think that Somebody is getting him a new dog that can speak to him intelligently in the bow-wow language, so that the kind gifts which have been sent to me in stamps and postal notes can be applied to buying the cheery old blind man some warm winter clothing. Already I have received from J. E., 1s.; Lex, 1s.; A. Le C., 6d.; W. W., 2s.; A. N. D., 2s. 6d.; H. W., West Croydon, 6d.; Anonymous, Balham, 2s.; C. H. B. N., Cambridge, 6d.; A. E. C., 1s.; T. W., 2s. 6d.; H. P. De B., 10s.; Hartfield (as above), 2s. 6d.; K., 1s.; The Shadowless Man, 2s. 6d.; W., Belfast, 4s.; F. H., 5s.; Doggie, 1s.; three other donations of 1s. 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d. respectively: the indications have temporarily gone astray. They will turn up again ere long; and in the interim I thank the senders with all my heart.

The late Lord Dundreary (yes, he died with Edward Askew Sotherton) was wont to say that there were some things "which no fellow could understand." I declare that I am wholly incompetent to understand the following passage in an article about Bulgaria in the number for the current week of the *Saturday Review*:—

No reasonable being has the slightest doubt that his abduction was due, with the usual limitations, to Russia. Mr. Freeman is as convinced of that as the late Mr. Urquhart could have been, and after Mr. Freeman's acknowledgment, even the anthropomorphists of bean-sacks will hardly appear as compurgators of the Czar.

What on earth does this mean? It looks and sounds like English; yet will one Englishman in ten thousand, will one American in fifty thousand, will one Australian in a hundred thousand, be able to grasp its purport and significance? An anthropomorphist or anthropomorphite is, according to Locke, one who believes that the Supreme Being exists in human form with human attributes and passions; biological anthropomorphism is the doctrine which attributes to animals mental faculties of the same nature as those of man, although much lower in degree. What has all this to do with bean-sacks?

While I am writing this there comes over me a dim shadowy impression of what Kant calls the *sensus vagus*, the seventh sense. Can it be that in the muddled mind of the gentleman who wrote about the anthropomorphist of bean-sacks there was flickering the remote image of those remarkable constructions on the banks of the river Danube which a certain reverend gentleman, about the time of the Bulgarian Atrocities, mistook for an apparatus for the impalement of Christians by the Unspeakable Turk?

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Cornhill* of this month is an extremely light article, suitable for the summer, which will have almost departed ere it can be in its readers' hands. There is, indeed, deep human interest in Mr. Haggard's "Jess"; but "A Prodigal Son" and "The Blue Curtains" are such historiettes as a clever writer could manufacture by the dozen. The latter might have supplied the groundwork of something more considerable. The scrappiness of "Shreds of Morocco" is confessed in the title. There is more stuff in "The Cow-Boy at Home," a lively picture of the centaurs whom circumstances are developing out of Anglo-Saxon lads in the South-Western States of the Union.

Macmillan has been more successful in allying lightness of treatment with practical value. The contents of a good number include some sensible observations on the pros and cons of "hero-worship"; a good-natured remonstrance with Mr. Swinburne on his partiality to the "big bow-wow" style; an amusing Oxford anecdote of "capping verses"; and a bright sketch of the picturesque coast of Pembrokeshire. "An Emigré on Ireland on 1796" records the impressions of a French exile, M. De Latocnaye, who seems to have judged the country with much liveliness and very fair accuracy. Of heavier calibre is Professor Percy Gardner's cogent argument as to the date of the Homeric poems from their references to armour and works of art. He finds the received date confirmed by the circumstance that Homer's descriptions of the latter correspond fairly with the characteristics of the objects discovered at Mycenæ by Dr. Schliemann, while his references to the former show that considerable changes had been introduced. He hence concludes that Homer wrote between the Dorian conquest of Mycenæ at the end of the twelfth century before Christ, and the introduction of Phœnician art into Greece about the beginning of the eighth—nearer, no doubt, to the latter epoch.

Mr. Norris's excellent story of "My Friend Jim" is concluded in the *English Illustrated*. The most remarkable of the miscellaneous contributions is Miss Alma Tadema's miniature history of hairdressing, adorned with woodcuts of all imaginable styles, derived from all imaginable sources.

The present instalment of "Sarracinesca" atones for a generally dull number of *Blackwood*. The general frivolity, traversed with veins and streaks of wild passion, of modern Roman society is admirably depicted. "Coincidences" is an interesting, hardly thrilling, Indian story of the supernatural. General McMahon's opinions on the Burmese frontier and trade routes to China will receive attention; and we hope that this will also be the case with the appeal for the thorough completion of the Ordnance Survey.

Longman's has an excellent paper in Mr. Nathan's account of the diamond mines at Kimberley, more exciting in its story of vicissitude than even Mr. Besant's attractive novel in the same periodical. Miss E. Nesbit's "Singing of the Magnificat" is a very fine poem, revealing power of a more sustained and chastened kind than has been hitherto displayed by this promising poetess.

The promised exposure in the *Fortnightly Review* of the alleged frauds in the Ordnance Department has dwindled, for the present, into an announcement that the matter has been referred to the Secretary of War, who will take no action. In the public interest, we trust that Colonel Hope will not come to the ground between these two high stools. The number has, however, two papers of very considerable importance. One, Mr. Alfred Wallace's reply to Dr. Romanes's criticisms on the Darwinian theory, will excite great interest in scientific circles. The other, a Special Commissioner's report on the Belfast riots, is amusing as well as valuable. Both parties, it appears, are in a manner penitent: the Protestants regret having drunk up so much Roman Catholic liquor; the Roman Catholics lament that the constabulary did not fire more frequently on the mob. The Commissioner reasonably thinks that both parties would be benefited by mounted police, more truncheons, and summary convictions. The demoralisation imputed to a portion of the police is the most serious part of the business. Mr. Symonds contributes an admirable criticism on Fletcher's "Valentinian"; and there are good papers on Liszt and the Bayreuth performances. The diary of Francis Gwyn, kept at the Revolution of 1688, is disappointingly meagre, but was not, of course, intended for posterity. Mr. Gatty, the discoverer, has done well to publish it.

The most remarkable contribution to the *Nineteenth Century* is a very striking one, by Mr. Norman Pearson, on the continuity of mental existence, entitled "Before Birth." We can offer no adequate account of it; but it is well worth reading. Mr. Goldwin Smith rather paradoxically deems the present a fitting time to advocate the abolition of the House of Lords. Some of his arguments are not devoid of force; but the restraints which he proposes to lay upon the single Democratic Chamber he contemplates would never be submitted to. "How a Provincial Paper is Managed" gives a lively idea both of the capital and the labour required to maintain a first-class provincial daily. Mr. Arnold-Forster works round his views on "our superstition about Constantinople" to the advocacy of his favourite idea of colonial federation; which is also indirectly supported in Lord Penzance's "Collapse of the Free Trade Argument."

The article on Mr. W. E. Forster's early career, contributed to the *Contemporary Review* by Mr. F. Seebohm, treats merely of an insignificant episode of it—his Bradford lectures of 1848, which are nevertheless characteristic of the earnest nature and practical philanthropy of the man. He would have warmly sympathised with the two practical and sensible articles on the preservation of commons and public footpaths, by Mr. R. Hunter and the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. Mrs. Craik's advice to women on the management of their money affairs is also highly practical. An anonymous Russian's advice to his countrymen on the political situation resolves itself into the recommendation to regard conflict with Austria as imminent; but conflict with England as susceptible of postponement; which amounts to saying that the Panslavist idea is of more importance than Afghanistan or Constantinople.

The *National Review* has benefited by the elections, which have cleared away much of the surplus of party politics from its pages. A vigorous dissuasive from female suffrage, by Mrs. Linton; an essay on bimetalism, by Mr. Clarmont Daniell, and a very sensible paper of suggestions for the benefit of Ireland, by an anonymous Irishman, hover on the line between politics and sociology. The most remarkable of the other contributions is a violent attack on Frederick the Great, by Mr. H. N. Oxenham, who assumes the highly questionable authenticity of the "Matinées du Roi de Prusse."

The most interesting articles in the *Century* are the accounts of the battle of Chancellorsville from the Federal point of view, and "Amateur Ballooning," with its wonderful delineations of aeronautic perils and misadventures. *Harper's* has a most interesting account, by Mr. Theodore Child, of the artistic bronzes of the French art manufacturer, Ferdinand Barbedienne, "a great reformer of the industrial arts." There is also a good account, with portraits, of the English working-class M.P.'s, some of whom have since lost their title to that

designation. The *Atlantic Monthly* has an interesting narrative of the "Paper Craze" of 1786, which may be commended to the Irish politicians who would tamper with the Bank of Ireland. There is little else of interest in the number, except the continuations of "In the Clouds" and "Princess Casamassima."

The *Gentleman's Magazine* has much pleasant popular reading—scientific, as in Mr. Grant Allen's discussion of the rate of increase of primitive mankind; literary, as in Mr. Phil Robinson's critique on the poets' notions of ants and butterflies; historical, as in Mr. Oppenheim's account of the Spanish treasure galleon. Mr. Kernahan takes Heine somewhat too seriously. *Temple Bar*, besides the continuation of Mrs. Linton's "Paston Carew," has a really fine essay on Coleridge, by C. F. Johnson, who appears, from internal evidence, to be an American. *Belgravia* has some good short stories. In *Time* we principally remark the account of the Burmese hero, Branginoco; in *London Society* the continuation of "Elizabeth's Fortune"; and in *The Red Dragon* an article on Dyer, one of the few Welshmen who have distinguished themselves as writers of English verse.

It is not always that a critic is so conscientious and outspoken as is the writer of "Current Art," in the *Magazine of Art*, for September. An engraving of Mr. W. B. Richmond's Grosvenor Gallery picture "Hermes" has been selected for the frontispiece of the number, and the writer of the article condemns it as "incongruous, repellent, and grotesque." Other engravings from the exhibitions of the season just closed illustrate this searching and well-written notice of "Current Art." Among the other illustrations in this interesting number are some sketches of the fishing-village of Cullercoats, on the Northumberland coast, a spot well worthy of the commendations bestowed upon it.

The best thing in the new number of the *Art Journal* is a capital etching from a picture by Léon L'Hermitte, called "Supper Time." Some of the other illustrations are just a trifle hard, and the articles are perhaps a little dry; but there is always something in this old-established journal to remember with pleasure—note, for instance, the excellent conception by Karl Spitzweg called "The Veteran."

We have also received Cassell's Family Magazine, Good Words, The Quiver, Picturesque Europe, Ladies' Gazette of Fashion, Moniteur de la Mode, Ladies' Treasury, Le Follet, Fores's Sporting Notes, Loose Rein (a pleasant sporting novel, with excellent coloured plates), Argosy, Illustrations, Leisure Hour, Indian Magazine, United Service Magazine, Forum, John Leech's pictures of Life and Character (from the collection of Mr. Punch), Chambers's Journal, Knowledge, All the Year Round, Army and Navy Gazette, The Theatre, Harper's Young People, St. Nicholas, Every Girl's Magazine, and others.

MUSIC.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.

The one hundred and sixty-third meeting of the cathedral choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester took place during this week, having closed yesterday (Friday) evening with a special service in the nave of the cathedral. Our preliminary remarks of last week leave but little to be said now beyond a brief record of the opening performances. The inaugural service of Tuesday morning included the co-operation of the three cathedral choirs, and the delivery of a sermon, appropriate to the occasion, by the Very Rev. Dr. Butler, Dean of Gloucester.

In the afternoon, "Elijah" was given in the cathedral—Mendelssohn's sacred masterpiece being generally chosen for the first oratorio performance. Its rendering last Tuesday was so similar, in almost every respect, to that of many previous occasions, that slight notice will suffice. The chief soprano solo music in the second part was assigned to Madame Albani, that of the first part to Miss Anna Williams, the other principal vocalists having been Madame Patey, Miss H. Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley.

The first of the evening concerts in the Shirehall, on Tuesday, brought forward one of the festival novelties, "Andromeda," a cantata composed for the occasion by Mr. C. H. Lloyd, who conducted its performance. The text—founded on the well-known classical legend—is by Mr. F. E. Weatherly, who has furnished a series of pieces, for solo voices and chorus, divided into three scenes, respectively entitled "The Palace," "The Temple," and "Night upon the Shore." The supposed characters are Andromeda (daughter of Cepheus and Cassiopeia), Cassiopeia (wife of Cepheus, King of Topa) Perseus, and a Priest, with choruses of the people, Queen's maidens, priests, sea-maids, and tritons. A brief orchestral prelude leads to the opening chorus of Queen's maids and people, in which are some good vocal contrasts and some figurative orchestral details. The remaining music of the first scene comprises some effective contrasts between Cassiopeia's expressions of tenderness for her daughter, the despair of the people at the curse with which the land is afflicted, and the impressive march accompanying the procession to the temple. In the second scene we may specify the supplicatory choral music for the priests and the people, a duet for Cassiopeia and the Priest, and another for the former and Andromeda, in which there is much expressive writing. The final scene includes some effective choral music for the people when conveying Andromeda to the cliff to which she is bound, a good scena for the heroine, a solo for Perseus, a love-duet for the two, a bright chorus of sea-maids and Tritons, a scena for the two lovers, and an effective finale for the principals, with chorus.

The solo music for Andromeda, Cassiopeia, Perseus, and the Priest was rendered, respectively, by Miss Anna Williams, Miss H. Wilson, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Mr. W. Mills. Mr. Lloyd's cantata contains much graceful and dramatic music, which will doubtless soon be heard in other quarters.

Of the remaining features of the week, including the production of Mr. W. S. Rockstro's oratorio "The Good Shepherd"—composed for the festival—and other items, we must speak next week.

"Vetah," is the title of a new musical piece produced last week by Miss Kate Santley at Portsmouth. It is called a comic opera, but it is really a romantic one, although it has its humorous part. Brightly written, with tuneful music, admirably arranged by the experienced hand of Mons. Jacobi, the Alhambra director, and possessing an interest which is sustained throughout the three acts, the piece promises to be a great success. The scene of the action, being laid in India, opportunity is thus provided for the display of handsome costumes, an advantage of which Miss Santley has availed herself to the fullest extent. The plot deals with the adventures of Vetah, the daughter of a union between an English officer and an Indian woman. Miss Santley, as the heroine, looks and sings as well as ever. Her dancing of an Irish jig is wonderfully effective, and her rendering of a song bearing the refrain, "We follow" is likely to become extremely popular. She is admirably supported by the other characters. After her provincial tour, which ends in December, Miss Santley will probably produce "Vetah" at the Royalty Theatre.

PRINCE ALEXANDER OF BULGARIA.

We have received from Mr. Joseph Riedel, a Polish artist in Bulgaria, sketches of the arrival and reception of Prince Alexander at Rustchuk, on his return to that country, after his forcible abduction by the conspirators, which was fully related last week. His Highness was equally well received by his loyal subjects at Sofia, the capital of Bulgaria, when he arrived there yesterday (Friday) week; but, to the general astonishment and regret of well-wishers to the Bulgarian nationality, he has been compelled, by the hostile attitude of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, to announce his intention of abdicating and leaving the country. This step has been taken, it appears, at the recommendation of Prince Bismarck, to prevent a Russian military intervention in Bulgaria, which Germany and Austria are not prepared to resist.

It should be remembered that in 1879, Prince Alexander of Battenberg, being nephew of the late Empress of Russia, and having served in the Russian army in the war against Turkey, which resulted in the liberation of Bulgaria from Turkish rule, was brought forward by Russia as candidate for the rulership of the new protected State. He was then elected by the Bulgarian Assembly; his election was approved by the Sultan, and by the European Powers, in conformity with the Treaty of Berlin. The independent attitude which he has lately assumed has displeased his Imperial cousin at St. Petersburg, and this is doubtless the cause of the Russian intrigue, which has, in a very insidious manner, brought about his dethronement.

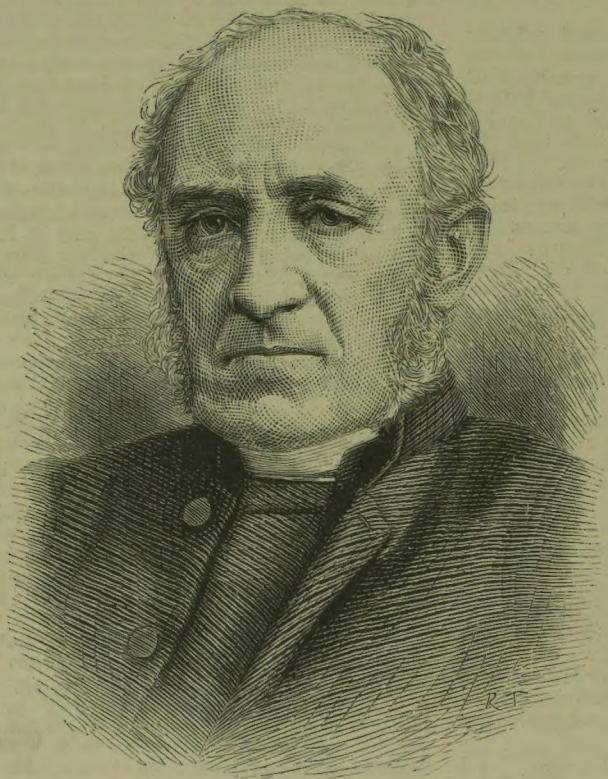
The St. Petersburg official papers give the text of a telegram sent by Prince Alexander to the Emperor on the 30th ult. through the Russian Consul at Rustchuk, and also his Majesty's reply, forwarded to the Prince at Philippopolis. The message sent by Prince Alexander was as follows:—"Sire, having again assumed the government of my country, I venture to offer your Majesty my most respectful thanks for the action of your Majesty's representative at Rustchuk, who, by his official presence at my reception, showed the Bulgarian people that the Imperial Government could not approve of the revolutionary act directed against my person. At the same time, I ask leave to be able to tender to your Majesty all my gratitude for the dispatch of General Prince Dolgorouki as your Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary; for my first act, on reassuming my lawful power, is to inform your Majesty of my firm intention to make every sacrifice in order to be able to forward your Majesty's magnanimous intention of extricating Bulgaria from the grave crisis through which the country is passing. I beg your Majesty to authorise Prince Dolgorouki to place himself in direct communication with myself, and as speedily as possible, and I shall be happy to give your Majesty decided proofs of my unalterable devotion to your august person. The monarchical principle has compelled me to re-establish legality in Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia. Russia having given me my crown, it is into the hands of Russia's Sovereign that I am ready to render it." The Czar's reply was as follows:—"I have received your Highness's telegram. I cannot approve of your return to Bulgaria, foreseeing its sinister consequences for the country, which has already been so sorely tried. The mission of Prince Dolgorouki has become inexpedient. I shall abstain, so long as your Highness remains in Bulgaria, from any intervention in the sad condition to which the country has been reduced. Your Highness will decide, for your own part, what course should be taken. I reserve to myself to judge what my father's venerated memory, the interests of Russia, and the peace of the East require of me."

Prince Alexander entered his capital, Sofia, on Friday morning, amidst the enthusiastic cheers of his soldiers and of the people, received official addresses, attended a Te Deum at the cathedral, and held a review of the troops; he was also waited upon by some of the foreign Ministers and Consuls, but not by those of Germany and Russia. Next day, after a long conference with his Ministers, he resolved to abdicate, and announced his intention on Sunday, with strong expressions of sorrow, to a deputation of officers. A meeting of the chiefs of different parties was held, under the presidency of Prince Alexander, to consider the position of affairs, and decide what course should be pursued. Its deliberations resulted in the election of five members—namely, MM. Stambouloff, Radoslavoff, Karaveloff, Guechoff, and Stolloff, charged to treat with Russia and the other Powers in regard to the settlement of the present crisis. A circular has been issued, inviting the deputies to assemble in ordinary Session of the Sobranje to discuss the abdication of the Prince. The officers unanimously declare that they are ready for any sacrifice rather than allow the Prince to depart. Serious fears are entertained of the outbreak of civil war should his Highness quit the country. The Sobranje was to meet on Saturday (to-day), and the Prince would leave Bulgaria immediately.

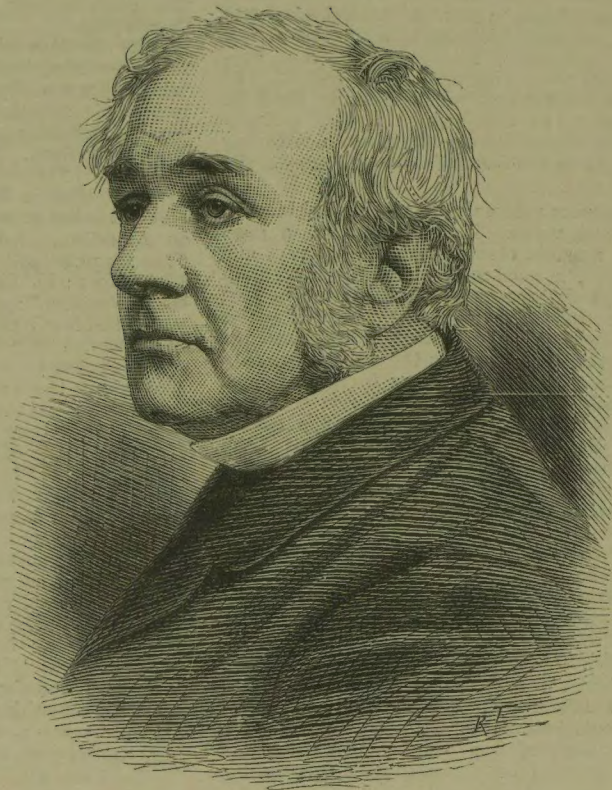
The view which is taken of this affair by the British Government was expressed by Sir J. Fergusson, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in the House of Commons last Monday. "Her Majesty's Government," he said, "have no separate engagements, duties, or interests in Bulgaria, but they had hoped much from the ability and good qualities of Prince Alexander; they deplore the treachery and violence by which his reign was interrupted; and they would hear with great regret that he finally decided to abandon the work he undertook." It was further observed that, "according to the Treaty of Berlin, the assent of the Great Powers to the election of a Prince of Bulgaria must be unanimous." It is said that Russia will propose the election of Prince Alexander of Oldenburg, a General of the Russian army, cousin to the Grand Duke of Oldenburg.

In London 2332 births and 1328 deaths were registered last week. Allowing for increase of population, the births were 322, and the deaths 142, below the average numbers in the corresponding weeks of the last ten years. The deaths included 20 from measles, 13 from scarlet fever, 11 from diphtheria, 18 from whooping-cough, 1 from typhus, 17 from enteric fever, 2 from ill-defined forms of continued fever, 176 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 7 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea. The deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which had increased in the four preceding weeks from 148 to 160, declined last week to 128.

The Liverpool Autumn Exhibition of Pictures is open to the public. This is the sixteenth year of the exhibition, and a survey of the rooms shows that the standard reached in the past has been fully maintained. The pictures are drawn from all parts of the kingdom, and several foreign artists are also exhibitors. Twenty-two Royal Academicians and Associates have sent works and other pictures from the Academy. The Grosvenor Gallery and other important London exhibitions are included. The number of exhibits is 1279. One of the largest is Mr. Armitage's "After the Arena," while fully a third of one of the walls is occupied by Sir F. Leighton's classic design "Decoration for a Ceiling." Mr. Goodall's "Susannah," Mr. Calderon's "Ruth and Naomi," Mr. Pettie's "Chieftain's Candlesticks," Mr. Cooper's "Fallen Oak," and Mr. Campbell Noble's "Actæon and Diana" occupy prominent positions.



THE LATE BISHOP EDEN, PRIMUS OF SCOTLAND.



THE LATE MR. SAMUEL MORLEY.

THE LATE MR. SAMUEL MORLEY.

We regret to announce the death of this eminent citizen of London, a very active and munificent philanthropist, and an influential member of the Liberal party during twenty years past in the House of Commons. Mr. Samuel Morley, who recently declined the offer of a peerage, and had more than once been offered a baronetcy, was an excellent representative of the enlightened and public-spirited English middle class, with great wealth acquired in domestic trade, and most promptly and liberally employed in works of religion and benevolence. He was born in Wells-street, Hackney, in 1809, the youngest son of Mr. John Morley, who had founded the business; his mother was a daughter of Mr. R. Poulton, of Maidenhead. Mr. Samuel Morley entered his father's business, after being educated at a private school, and ultimately became the head of the firm of J. and R. Morley, wholesale hosiers, Wood-street. He married, in 1841, a daughter of Mr. S. Hope, banker, of Liverpool. In 1865 Mr. Samuel Morley entered Parliament for the first time, being elected for the borough of Nottingham as an advanced Liberal. In the following year he was unseated on petition. When Sir M. Peto retired from

the representation of Bristol, in 1868, Mr. Samuel Morley offered himself as his successor, but was defeated. A few months later, in the same year, he polled more than 2000 votes above his opponent, and continued to represent the city until last year, when he retired. Mr. Samuel Morley was a prominent member of the Congregational body of Nonconformists, and held several important offices among them. He was treasurer of the Homerton College; he contributed largely to chapel-building funds, and was a subscriber of £6000 to the erection of the hall in Farringdon-street, built as a memorial of the 2000 ministers who were ejected from the Church of England in 1662 by the Act of Uniformity. In connection with the Home Missionary Society, he was the founder of a new agency known as that of lay evangelists and colporteurs. In the House of Commons, and on many public platforms, he was an earnest advocate of the principle of free churches. As a politician, both in and out of Parliament, he rendered important services to the Liberal party. Mr. Arnold Morley, who has represented Nottingham since 1880, and who was Patronage Secretary to the Treasury in Mr. Gladstone's last Government, is a son of the deceased gentleman.

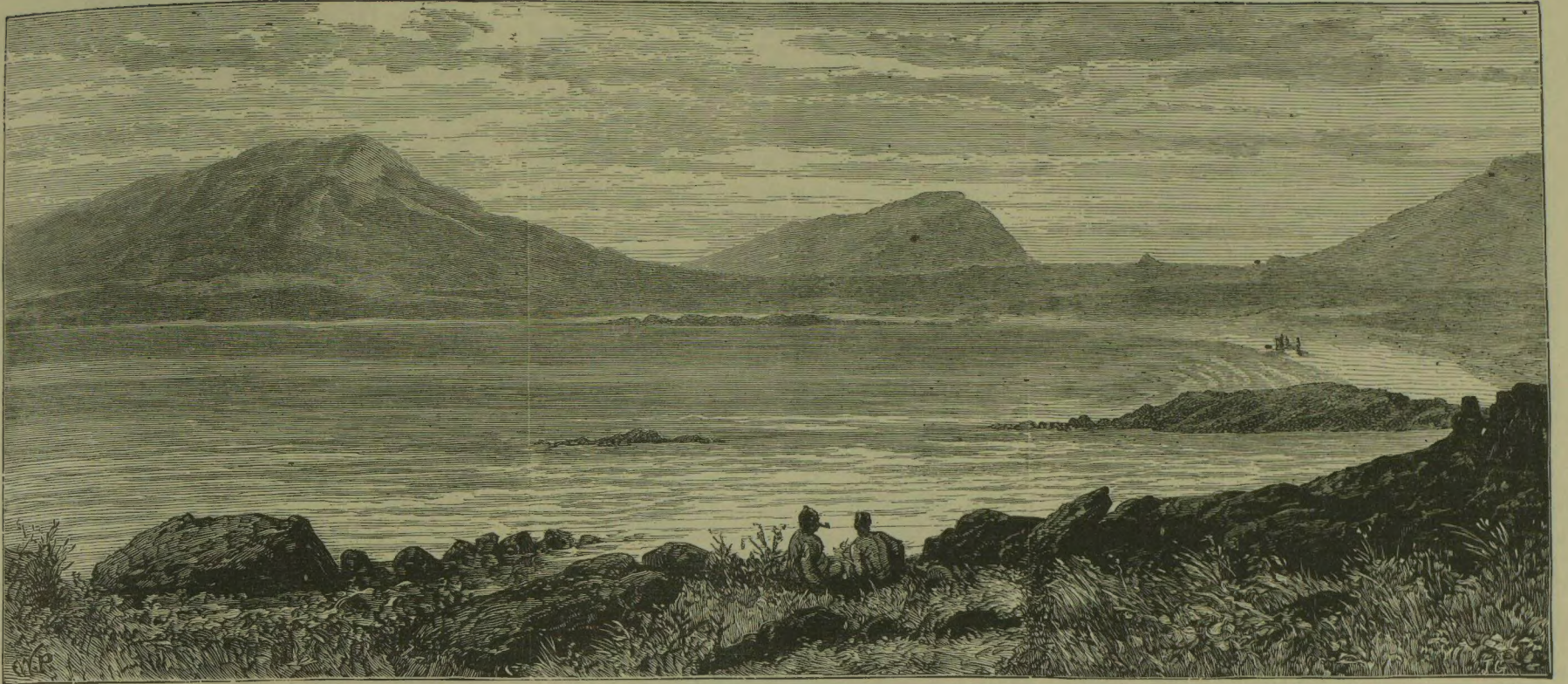
THE LATE BISHOP EDEN.

The Right Rev. Robert Eden, D.D., Primus of the Scotch Episcopal Church, Bishop of Moray, Nairn, and Ross, died at his official residence in Inverness a fortnight ago. The Bishop was in his eighty-second year, and had for a quarter of a century been closely identified with the work of that Church in the North of Scotland. He was the founder of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Inverness, and the promoter of several mission chapels in connection with the Episcopal Church of Scotland in the Highlands. Bishop Eden was a younger son of Sir Frederick Eden, Bart. He was educated at Westminster School and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he took his degree in the third class of classical honours in 1826. He was consecrated Bishop in 1851, and elected Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church in 1862. He married, in 1827, a daughter of the late Mr. Justice Park, but this lady died five or six years ago.

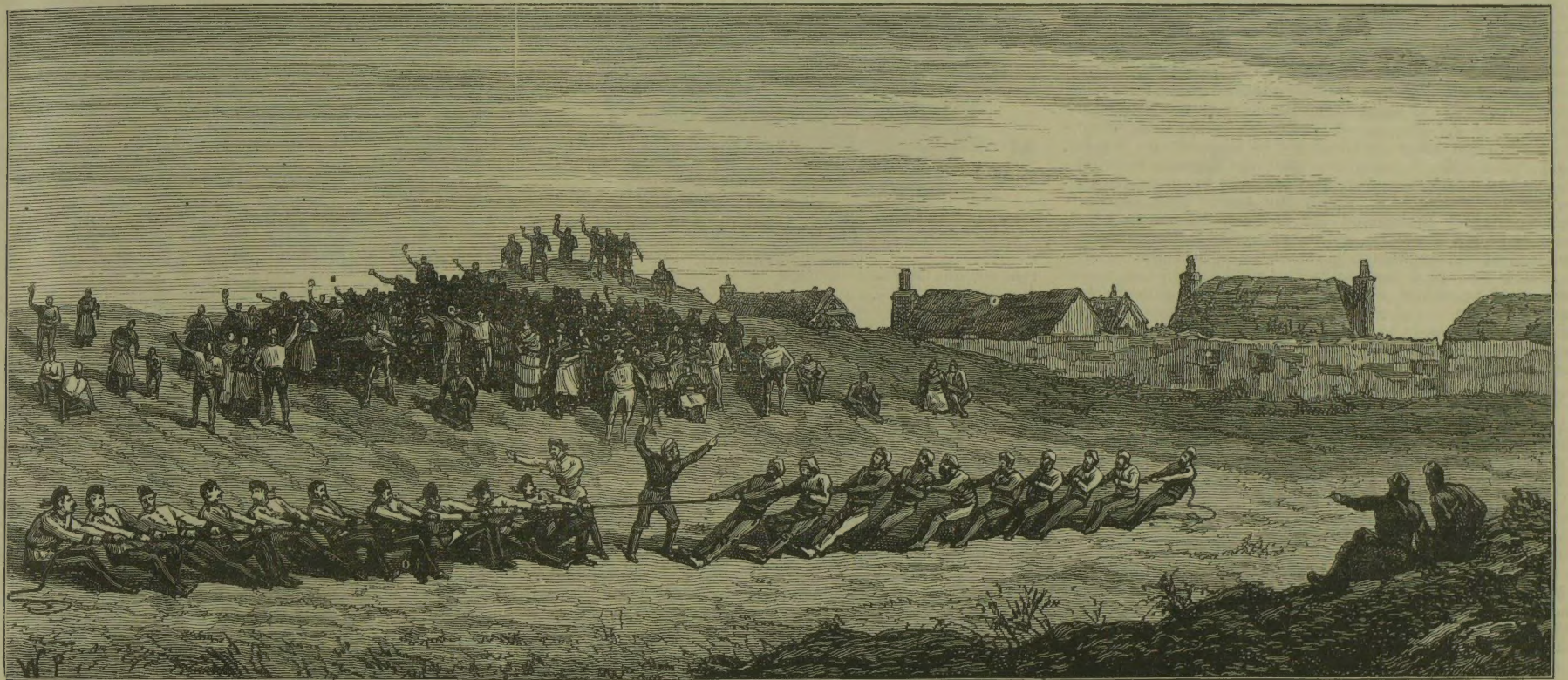
Several parts of the country, including the metropolis, were on Saturday morning last visited by a thunderstorm, accompanied by much rain.



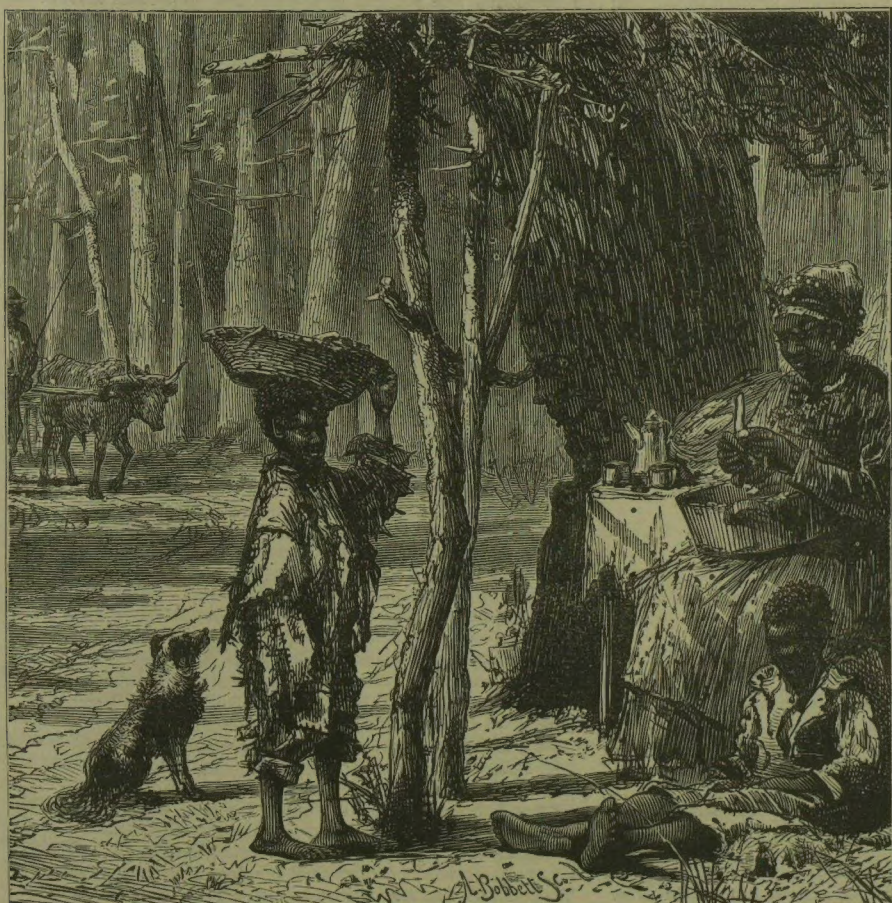
RETURN OF PRINCE ALEXANDER TO BULGARIA: DEPUTATION ON BOARD THE STEAMER AT RUSTCHUK TO MEET THE PRINCE.
SKETCH BY M. JOSEPH RIEDEL.



THE CROFTERS OF TIREE: VIEW OVER THE ISLAND, LOOKING WEST.



ATHLETIC SPORTS IN TIREE: "THE TUG OF WAR" BETWEEN THE NATIVES, SAILORS, AND MARINES.



ROADSIDE SCENE NEAR CHARLESTON.



GARDEN AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

Lord Cranbrook is, doubtless, envied by his colleagues in the Ministry. It was probably because his heart was in the Highlands that his good-tempered face was wreathed with smiles as he exchanged humorous sallies with the Prime Minister on the Ministerial bench of the House of Lords on the eve of his departure for Scotland. There can, in these broiling days of an exceptionally hot September, be hardly a Minister who would not gladly exchange places with Lord Cranbrook, and thus secure the fresh air and wholesome rest of Balmoral. So limp, indeed, was the Marquis of Salisbury and the Earl of Idlesleigh when the Duke of Buckingham took his seat on the woolsack in place of the Lord Chancellor last Monday, that neither the Premier nor the Foreign Secretary would be likely to decline the invitation to succeed the noble Lord as Minister in attendance upon the Queen. Lord Salisbury is wise, for his part, in snatching as many mouthfuls of invigorating ozone as he can in the course of a touch-and-go visit to the delightful little Kentish Watering-Place of Westgate-on-Sea, which is as select as it is salubrious.

Homburg, unexhilarating though its purifying waters may be, is so far more desirable as a residence than London at this period of the year that the Prince of Wales would scarcely have hastened his departure therefrom had his Royal Highness not arranged to say good-bye in London to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, prior to their departure for India. The Prince and the Duke of Connaught took advantage of the brief sitting of the House of Lords on Tuesday to take the oath of allegiance as peers of the realm. But of business the Lords have done none save formally pass a few private bills, which only served as fresh proofs of the urgent necessity of relegating such matters to local government bodies in various parts of the United Kingdom.

The consultation between the Marquis of Salisbury and the Marquis of Hartington at Devonshire House on Tuesday has exercised the minds of political quidnuncs. It is a natural consequence of the peculiar alliance between the so-called "Liberal Unionists" and the Government that such conferences should take place at all critical junctures, whether foreign or domestic. Lord Hartington, in a sense, resolves himself thus into a Minister without portfolio. Obviously awkward as this position must be to a noble Lord who retains his place among the Leaders of the Opposition, the Marquis of Hartington is served by a strong sense of duty to fulfil his compact with the Prime Minister.

Bulgaria? No; it is not likely that the grave revolution in Bulgaria was the main topic discussed at the Devonshire House interview. The answers returned by the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in the House of Commons on Monday and Tuesday made it pretty clear that the Ministry is acting, as regards the Bulgarian complication, very much as the late Government would have done. Sir James Fergusson unambiguously interpreted the national sentiment when, replying to Mr. Bryce, he said, in reference to the rumoured intention of Prince Alexander to abdicate, that the Government had not heard that an "act of abdication" had "been performed," but added that, "with regard to the future, any arrangement in accordance with public law and international engagements can only be made upon the basis of the Treaty of Berlin, which gives no separate or exclusive right to any one Power, and must, according to that instrument, depend upon the joint and consensual act of the signatories." This Ministerial response was plain enough, in all conscience. But it did not satisfy Sir Henry Tyler, who, in a "Jingo" spirit, asked in vain for "a few firm words." Who was it made satirical allusion to "the hare-brained chatter of irresponsible frivolity?"

The kaleidoscopic change in the Irish Question indubitably brought about the aforesaid conference between the Prime Minister and the Marquis of Hartington. This was the position in the House when the change was suddenly effected. Linked liveliness long drawn out, the debate on the Address bade fair to go on for ever with increasing acerbity, the growing heat of the atmosphere being equalled by the warmth of orators and even of the exceptionally calm and able Speaker himself, who felt absolutely called upon to restrain the rhetorical exuberance of so important a personage as Sir William Vernon Harcourt. Phenomenally calm amid all this caloric, Lord Randolph Churchill sat twirling his pliant moustache on the Treasury bench, bearing philosophically the burdens of Leader of the House and Chancellor of the Exchequer, albeit he was not in the best of health. His Lordship declined to be "drawn," though badgered incessantly with respect to his pugnacious speeches to the inflammable people of Belfast. When the Third of September arrived, Lord Randolph Churchill desired to have a motion passed to secure precedence for Committee of Supply, and sought to propitiate the Parnellite members by promising that the Government would, at the meeting of Parliament next year, be ready with such measures as they might be able to mature in the Recess. But Mr. Dillon and Mr. Parnell would still have been obdurate had not Lord Randolph Churchill, in the frankest manner, complied with the Home Rule leader's request that a day should be given him to introduce a bill to empower Irish leaseholders to seek relief in the Land Courts when unable to pay the judicial rents. Guarding himself by declaring that the Government held fast by their own proposals with respect to Ireland, the noble Lord willingly agreed to find a day for Mr. Parnell. In vain did Mr. Labouchere incisively endeavour, by vivaciously moving a formal resolution, to compel Lord Randolph Churchill to withdraw his Ulster speeches. Colonel Sanderson was more successful in "drawing" Mr. Parnell and some of his colleagues when he cited a pamphlet in alleged proof of certain Home Rule members being members of the "Irish Republican Brotherhood." He provoked warm remonstrances. Fruitless were the motions of Dr. Cameron and Dr. Clark in relation to Upper Burma and the Scottish "crofters." But it was not until these discussions were disposed of that the report of the Address was agreed to.

Mr. Leonard Courtney, who possesses the supreme judicial qualification of looking wiser than it is possible for any man to be, resumed his former position of Chairman of Committee on Monday, when considerable progress was made with the Army Estimates. Mr. W. H. Smith is a model Secretary for War. On Tuesday, to wit, he made an apt answer to Sir E. J. Reed's criticisms, and gave satisfaction by his frank statements respecting the reported scandals in the Ordnance Department, into the administration of which a Commission will make inquiry. Lord Randolph Churchill again showed good sense in promising that the Army and Navy accounts should be carefully kept separate.

What will be the fate of Mr. Parnell's Irish Land Bill? It is now the chief Parliamentary question. It is a happy thing for England that in hard times landlords voluntarily make the necessary reductions of rent to their tenants.

A Parliamentary return regarding the general election of 1885 shows that there were then 5,693,753 electors on the register—4,391,260 being in England and Wales, 560,580 in Scotland, and 741,913 in Ireland.

DEATH.

On the 28th ult., at Weydon Lodge, Dinton-road, Monmouth, Caroline, the beloved wife of Colonel H. H. Lloyd, aged 78.

The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths is Five Shillings for each announcement.

LEEDS TRIENNIAL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

OCT. 13, 14, 15, and 16, 1886.
Conductor—SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.
PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.—Madame Albani, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Anna Williams, Madame Patey, Miss Damm, Miss Hilida Wilson, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Iyer Mackay, Mr. Barton McQueen, Mr. Frederic King, Mr. Watkin Mills, Mr. Breton, and Mr. Sandley.
BAND AND CHORUS OF FOUR HUNDRED AND FORTY PERFORMERS.
Organist, Dr. Wm. Spark; Principal First Violin, Mr. J. T. Carrodus; Chorus-Master, Mr. Alfred Broughton.
SINGLE TICKET, Morning, Front Seats and Gallery, Reserved .. 1 1 0
Evening, Front Seats and Gallery, Reserved .. 0 15 0
Morning, Second Seats, Reserved .. 0 10 6
Evening, Second Seats, Reserved .. 0 7 6
TICKETS, PLANS, and DETAILED PROGRAMMES are now ready.
All applications must be accompanied by a remittance for the full amount of the Tickets required.
All communications to be addressed, Alderman FREDERICK R. SPARK, Hon. Sec.
Festival Office, Centenary-street, Leeds, Sept. 10, 1886.

JEPHTHAH'S VOW, by EDWIN LONG, R.A.—Three New Pictures—1. "Jephthah's Return," 2. "On the Mountains," 3. "The Martyr."—NOW ON VIEW, with his celebrated "Anno Domini," "Zeuxis at Crotona," &c., at THE GALLERIES, 105, New Bond-street, Ten to Six. Admission, One Shilling.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—DORE'S Last Great PICTURE, completed a few days before he died, NOW ON VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street, with his other great Pictures. Ten to Six daily. One Shilling.

FAUST.—LYCEUM.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. FAUST EVERY EVENING at Eight. Melchiorphes, Mr. Henry Irving; Margaret, Miss Ellen Terry; Martha, Mrs. Clippendale; Faust, Mr. Alexander. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open Ten till Five.—LYCEUM.

STRAND.—Mr. EDWARD COMPTON.—Immense Success. EVERY EVENING, at Eight, THE RIVALS, supported by the COMPTON COMEDY COMPANY. Morning Performance of THE RIVALS, EVERY SATURDAY at 2.30. Box-office Ten till Five. Business Manager, Mr. Charles Terry.

COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.
VISITORS TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION should not lose the opportunity of seeing the world-famed entertainment of the MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS at the ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY, which is presented EVERY NIGHT, at EIGHT, SPECIAL DAY PERFORMANCES are given EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at THREE, in addition to the usual Entertainment at Night. New and important Engagements. New and beautiful Songs and Choruses. New and intensely funny Comic Sketches. Altogether the VERY BEST AND MOST ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT IN LONDON. Tickets and Places can be obtained at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No fees of any description. Seats, 5s.; Sofa Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Doors open at 2.30 for Day Performance; at 7.30 for Evening Performance.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.
Important and interesting notice.
ON MONDAY WEEK, SEPT. 20, the World-famed MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS will give TWO SPECIAL GRAND DAY AND NIGHT FETES, the First in the Afternoon at Three; the Second in the Evening at Eight, on the occasion of the commencement of their TWENTY-SECOND YEAR at this HALL in One Unbroken Season, when an ENTIRELY NEW AND SPLENDID PROGRAMME will be presented, in celebration of this important and unprecedented event. ALL THE SONGS ON THIS OCCASION will be NEW AND ORIGINAL. Prominent amid the many attractive features to be presented in the NEW OLIO Mr. G. W. MOORE'S NOVEL AND ASTOUNDING DISAPPEARANCE ACT. For full particulars see all the Daily and Weekly Papers next week. The Box Plan is now open at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall. No charge for booking &c., &c. No fees of any description.

MONTE CARLO.—THE ADMINISTRATION OF MONTE CARLO, in its endeavour to diversify the brilliant and exceptional Entertainments offered to the Cosmopolitan High Life frequenting the shores of the Mediterranean, has much pleasure in announcing the close of the Winter Season 1885-6, and that during the Summer interval arrangements will be made for the renewal of the Theatrical and Opera Company Entertainments in the ensuing Winter 1886-7, which will be sustained by artists of renowned celebrity. The daily Afternoon and Evening Concerts will continue as usual during the Summer Season.

SEA BATHING AT MONACO, on a beautiful sandy beach, continues throughout the year. MONTE CARLO is provided with the following excellent Hotels:—The Hôtel de Paris, the Grand Hôtel, the Victoria Hotel, Hôtel des Anglais, Hôtel Beau Rivage, Hôtel des Princes, de Londres, et de Russie; and Furnished Villas, together with good Apartments, are numerous.

DOVER AND OSTEND LINE.—Accelerated Conveyance of the Travellers from London to Brussels (24 hours), to Cologne (15 hours), to Berlin (20 hours), to Vienna (30 hours), to Milan, &c. (31 hours), and to every great city on the Continent; also to the East, via Brindisi (43 hours). Single and Return Through Tickets at very reduced fares (50lb. of Luggage gratis). On board of the Mails will be found Refreshments, Private Cabins, Stewardesses, &c. Two services daily, in correspondence with the International Mail and Express Trains. Direct Services to Calcutta and Singapore. Agencies—at London, 53, Gracechurch-street; at Dover, 3 and 18, Strand-street; at Ostend, at Brussels, 50, Montagne de la Cour; at Cologne, 12, Dönhof; at Berlin, Vienna, Milan, &c. Daily Conveyance of Ordinary and Specie Parcels.

ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY, SWITZERLAND.—The most direct, rapid, picturesque, and delightful route to Italy. Express from Lucerne to Milan in eight hours. Excursions to the Rigi, by Mountain Railway, from Arth Station, of the Gothard line. Through-going Sleeping-Cars from Ostend to Milan. Balcony Carriages; Safety Brakes. Tickets at all corresponding Railway Stations, and at Cook's and Gaze's Offices.

GREAT EASTERN RAILWAY.—SEASIDE.—An Improved SERVICE OF FAST TRAINS is now running to Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Clacton-on-Sea, Walton-on-the-Naze, Harwich, Dovercourt, Aldeburgh, Felixstowe, Southwold, Hunstanton, and Cromer. TOURIST, FORTNIGHTLY, and FRIDAY or SATURDAY TO TUESDAY TICKETS are issued by all Trains. For full particulars see bills. London, September, 1886. WILLIAM BIRT, General Manager.

BRIGHTON.—Cheap First-Class Day Tickets London to Brighton every Week-day. From Victoria 10 a.m. Fare 12s. 6d. (including Pullman Car). Cheap Half-Guinea First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton. Every Saturday from Victoria and London Bridge, admitting to the Grand Aquarium and Royal Pavilion. Cheap First-Class Day Tickets to Brighton every Sunday from Victoria at 10.45 a.m. and 12.15 p.m. Fare, 10s.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, BEXHILL, AND EASTBOURNE.—Cheap Fast Trains every Week-day from Victoria 9.55 a.m.; London Bridge, 10 a.m., calling at Croydon; Kensington (Addison-road), 9.55 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction. Every Sunday from London Bridge, 9.30 a.m.; Victoria, 9.25 a.m.; Kensington, 9 a.m.; Clapham Junction, 9.30 a.m.; and East Croydon, 9.50 a.m. Special Day Return Tickets, 12s., 11s. 6d., and 6s.

PARIS.—SHORTEST, CHEAPEST ROUTE. VIA NEWHAVEN, DIEPPE, and ROUEN. EXPRESS DAY SERVICE.—Every Week-day as under:—

	Victoria Station.	London Bridge Station.	Paris. (St. Lazare).
Sept. 13	Dep. 1 p.m.	Dep. 5 p.m.	Arr. 12.30 mid.
" 14	Dep. 1.20 p.m.	Dep. 5.25 p.m.	" 3.40 p.m.
" 15	" 7.30 "	" 7.45 "	" 6.40 "
" 16	" 8.10 "	" 8.20 "	" 6.40 "
" 17	" 8.10 "	" 8.20 "	" 6.40 "
" 18	" 8.10 "	" 8.20 "	" 6.40 "

NIGHT SERVICE.—Leaving Victoria 7.50 p.m., and London Bridge 8 p.m., every Week-day and Sunday. PARIS.—London to Paris and B. ck.—1st Class, 2nd Class; available for Return within One Month; £2 17s., £2 18s. Third Class Return Tickets (by the Night Service), 32s. A spacious and commodious Station has been constructed on the new East Quay at Newhaven, wherein Passengers will find every possible convenience and comfort. The Normandy and Brittany, splendid Fast Paddle-Steamers, accomplish the passage between Newhaven and Dieppe frequently in about 31 hours. A through Conductor will accompany the Passengers by the Special Day Service throughout to Paris, and vice versa. Trains run alongside Steamers at Newhaven and Dieppe.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS, see Time Book and Handbills, to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West-End General Office, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square; Hays' Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's and Gaze's Office, &c. (By order.)

Some account of the earthquake in the United States is given in another column.—Great interest is shown in New York in the race for the America cup. The yachts Galatea and Mayflower sailed their first race on Tuesday, the Mayflower, the American yacht, being the winner.—The Government troops have succeeded in capturing the hostile Apaches, including the chief Geronimo, thus putting an end to the Indian troubles.

CIVIL LIST PENSIONS.

Among the Parliamentary papers is a list of all Civil List pensions granted during the year ended June 20, 1886. The total is £1200, made up as follows:—

Mrs. Camilla Sherwin, £100, in consideration of the literary merits of her sister, the late Mrs. Jameson, and of her own straitened circumstances.

Mrs. Rosina Jane Eastwick, £100, in recognition of the valuable services rendered by her husband, the late Mr. E. B. Eastwick, in connection with Oriental literature.

The Rev. James Inches Hillocks, £75, in consideration of his labours to improve the condition of the poor.

Mrs. Marie Antoinette Moncrieff, £30, in addition to the pension of £100 a year granted to her in 1884, upon the death of her husband, the late Commander N. L. Moncrieff, R.N., her Majesty's Consul at Souakin.

Mrs. Ann Martha Radcliffe, £100, in recognition of the valuable services rendered to sanitary science by her husband, the late Mr. John Netton Radcliffe.

Mrs. Margaret Mary Wilmshurst, £50, in consideration of the services to art of her late husband, Mr. Thomas Wilmshurst, in connection with enamel painting and staining upon glass.

Miss Adeline Amy Leech, Miss Caroline Elizabeth Leech, Miss Mary Leech, and Miss Rose Jane Leech, the four sisters of the late Mr. John Leech, £25 each, in consideration of the merits of their brother as an artist.

Elizabeth Rosetta, Lady Glover, £100, in consideration of the long and meritorious services rendered by her husband, the late Sir John Hawley Glover.

Mr. Thomas Henry Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S., £300, in recognition of his eminent services to science and education.

Mrs. Janette Sophia Tulloch, £150, in recognition of the distinguished services of her late husband, the Very Rev. Dr. Tulloch, Senior Principal in the University of St. Andrew, in connection with theology, philosophy, and literature.

Mrs. Grace Gibbons, £45, in consideration of the services of her late husband, Mr. James Robert Gibbons, of the Royal Irish Constabulary, county inspector.

Dr. Leonard Schmitz, £50, in recognition of his literary services in the cause of education (in addition to the Civil List pension of £50 per annum which he already receives).

The German Parliament has been summoned to meet on the 16th inst.

The Dublin Corporation, at their meeting on Monday, refused to entertain a proposition to present an address to the Marquis of Londonderry on his public entry as Lord Lieutenant.

The Cymmrodorion Society of Wales have decided to hold the National Eisteddfod of 1887 in the Royal Albert Hall, and arrangements have been made to give £800 in musical prizes.

The International Copyright Conference has assembled at Berne, and appointed the German Minister to the confederation to preside over its deliberations, with the French Minister as vice-president.

The Czar and Czarina, accompanied by the Czarevitch and the Grand Dukes George and Vladimir Alexandrovitch, left St. Petersburg for Brest Litovsk on Monday afternoon, to attend the military manoeuvres near Wilna and Warsaw.

The Legislative Assembly of Queensland have rejected, by forty against nine votes, the motion of Mr. Macrossan, leader of the Separatist Party, for the separation of North and South Queensland.

The Government of Victoria (states the *Melbourne Argus*) propose to expend during this year £80,000 in prospecting for gold, on the advice of a prospecting council of nine members, one to be elected by each of the seven mining districts of the colony, and two to be nominated by the Crown.

Nearly 300 pigeons, belonging to the Sans Peur Société, of Laeken, were released on Sunday forenoon at Westminster Bridge for a race to Brussels. In the last race of a similar character, from Dover on the 30th ult., the winning birds covered the distance of 180 miles in four hours.

According to the *City Press*, the gross annual income of the Corporate estate, belonging to sixty-eight of the livery companies of London, amounted in 1880 to £476,000, and may be now said to reach half a million sterling. This arises for the most part from the increased value of property in London.

The recent election has necessitated an extra edition of that compact and most useful publication "Dod's Parliamentary Companion." In this the alterations that have taken place in both Houses of Parliament are recorded as closely up to the date of the assembling of Parliament as possible.

A Treasury Minute has been agreed to for the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the recent changes in the relative values of gold and silver as affecting both India and the United Kingdom, and the trade and industry of the United Kingdom.

Yesterday week the Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry gave a ball at Seaham Hall, the number of guests invited being nearly four hundred. The park was illuminated with lamps suspended from the trees. Last Saturday his Excellency was present at the annual inspection and review of the Seaham Harbour Volunteer Brigade.

Sir John Savile Lumley, British Ambassador at Rome, has presented to the Nottingham Castle Art Museum a collection of specimens of classical antiquity which he has made on the site of the Temple of Diana, near Rome. The collection comprises a large number of objects and fragments in terra-cotta, bronze, and marble, as well as specimens of money inscriptions.

The Madrid papers report that the Court shoemaker has been ordered to make his first pair of shoes for the infant King of Spain. They are to be of white leather embroidered with gold; and, according to ancient usage, there will be a special ceremonial on the occasion of the King putting on his shoes the first time. The Queen Regent has ordered 300 pairs of shoes to be distributed among the poor children of Madrid.

The Legislative Assembly of New South Wales yesterday week adopted, by a majority of one, an amendment fixing the income tax at one penny in the pound, instead of fourpence, as proposed by Sir Patrick Jennings. The House also rejected the clause of the bill dealing with the provisions for assessing the income tax. In consequence of these adverse votes, the Government moved the adjournment of the House, which was agreed to.

The Government of India contemplate sending an expedition, as soon as the cold weather sets in, to punish a tribe known as the Bonerivals for making predatory incursions upon British territory from the Punjab frontier.—The young Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior has held his installation Durbar.—An anonymous native proclamation is being circulated in the Punjab, calling on the natives to throw off the yoke of the Feringhees. It is reported that the Indian Government has grounds to suspect that the proclamation was prompted by the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh.

The annual dahlia show at the Crystal Palace was held on Friday and Saturday last week, and the display, one of the finest yet held, proved a source of great attraction. Messrs. Seconer, of Slough, and Messrs. Keynes, Williams, and Co., of Salisbury, divided the honours for the first prize in the competition with show varieties, forty-eight blooms; while in the competition with twenty-four blooms of the same class, Messrs. Walker, of Thame, secured first place; though for the distinction of second prize there was a keen and close rivalry, the exhibits being almost without exception admirable. Messrs. Saltmarsh were also among the successful professional exhibitors. Amateurs were well represented by Mr. Thornhill, of Diddington; Mr. Hockney, of Stokesley; and Mr. Parkins, of Chippenham.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Paris is "a desert," of course; but, like London, it is a desert in which the shopkeepers find it worth while to keep their *maisons* open. In England, the West-End shopkeepers depend at this season mainly on American visitors; the ladies, some of them elegant, all of them expensively dressed, pervade the large saloons of the great West-End houses, turn over all the goods, and finally purchase liberally, paying cheerfully what we should think high prices. The American system of protective duties on foreign goods makes all manufactured articles so dear in the United States that our cousins from over the sea look upon what we consider high prices as very moderate ones. In passing through town on my way to the Continent I was doing some shopping, and saw an American lady buy some wonderful clothes, such as I was surprised to find that the fashionable Court dress-makers in whose *salons* we were consented to supply to anybody. The aristocratic patronesses of that house would have been ready to faint had they seen the black cashmere skirt heavily embroidered right up each of its wide box-pleats with a big plant, a kind of virginia creeper in gold braid. A loose fronted jersey jacket was put with this, the bodice part being white, turned back with facings of white and old gold stripes, and the tight-fitting waistcoat was composed of the same striped stuff as the revers. In Paris the shops are chiefly kept open for *our* benefit. We pass through on our way to Switzerland, and we buy—that is to say, some of us do—things which the *Parisienne* would be amazed even to see in her favourite shops.

I have managed to get a peep at some of the autumn novelties at one of the most fashionable Paris houses. The most important thing that is yet settled is that autumn dresses are to be made up principally in checks, and that stripes are to be voted old-fashioned. A new model gown is in slate grey rough-surfaced woollen material, the draperies, back and front, plain but full, and the underskirt also quite plain. The cloth is woven with a big check in pale grey lines on the slate ground, all along one edge of the breadth, this fancy part being about eight inches deep. As this material is draped, therefore, the large squares form the bottom edge of the tablier and back draperies, and also the whole of the visible part of the underskirt. The bodice has a triangular piece of the check put in at the back, broad at the shoulders, and narrowing to the waist; in front, it is fastened by one big smoked pearl button at the neck, and another, smaller, at the waist, flying open between these, widest just across the bust, to show a simulated habit-vest let in under the check. Bretelles of velvet edge this opening, and also pass down either side of the check-piece let in at the back. Other dresses have under-skirts in large plaid patterns, with plain draperies above, and parements of the same plaid as forms the skirt on plain bodices. Draperies are all simple straight folds.

The loose-fronted bodices in various styles are, it seems, to hold their own. The fashion, indicated in the preceding paragraph, of the bodices fastened only at neck and waist, and stretching open over the bust to show a rather full waistcoat, is the newest. Russian bodices appeared in two charming new models for the ensuing season. In these, the loose jacket is cut to leave about six inches open down to centre, but pleated to sit with tolerable accuracy to the figure to near the waist, where it is cut off short. This outer jacket is made, in one model, in a velvet plaid, a black ground marked off into large squares by fine red and green lines. A loosely folded waistcoat of red surah comes down the centre, and is fixed at the waist under a silver horseshoe buckle; the folds of the silk are then continued round the waist at either side, so as to form a sort of sash, showing under the edge of the velvet bodice, and ending beneath the rather long coat tails at the back. The other model in this style was in brown etamine, with a waistcoat, and ends round the waist of a very beautiful brown wool lace, laid over red faille. The lace (of which also panels were placed over red faille on the nearly plain etamine skirt) was not a bit like ordinary Yak lace. The pattern was much like a Maltese one, and I should have thought it to be that lace, but for its being made in a pure, fine wool.

As to the new bonnets, they are still state secrets. I gleaned that there will be a good many beaver crowns used this autumn, both for hats and bonnets, this material being to supersede felt in high fashion. There will be an increased tendency to put trimming round the base of the entire crown, or on the edge of the brim, but the front trimming will remain high. In illustration, a beautiful wreath of bramble, the leaves in all the rich shades of red that the plant takes in changing colour, was laid for a moment, for my edification, against the base of a black beaver-crowned and openwork jet-brimmed capote; in the centre of the wreath, so as to come to the front of the bonnet, rose several very tall spikes, with ripe and unripe berries and leaves in many shades hanging gracefully on the upright stems.

Jeannette G. Wilkinson, who has just died, at a comparatively early age, deserves a brief memorial. "Chill penury repressed her noble rage," yet she contrived to display, in a limited sphere, uncommon mental abilities. She was brought up as a working upholstress, and earned a scanty livelihood for some years by that most laborious of all varieties of needlework. During this period she steadily employed her leisure time in self-education. At the Birkbeck Institution, she became known as the most able pupil in several classes. She particularly distinguished herself in Political Economy, carrying off a prize at the Society of Arts examination in that subject. A Trades Union of Upholstresses was formed, largely by Miss Wilkinson's exertions; and she, as the representative—I believe the secretary also—of that association, was one of the first women to attend the Trades Union Congress as a recognised delegate. Some six years ago, she succeeded in passing the necessary examinations for a certificate to teach in a Public Elementary School. Considering that a long period of special education, partly at the public expense, is customary for young people who are preparing to sit for that certificate, it will be seen that Miss Wilkinson's achievement in preparing herself for the examination while earning her bread by making chairs and carpets, was no light test of her energy and ability. She obtained employment in a London Board School, but, alas! her health shortly failed, perhaps from over-exertion; she was a little, slight, and very delicate-looking woman, which always made her hard work seem more wonderful. For some time past she had been a lecturer of the Women's Suffrage Society. But now she has gone to rest at a comparatively early age. Instances of self-education and persistent progress like this are not rare amongst men of high natural ability, born in the working class. Few women have hitherto pushed on so.

I trust that the statement that Sir James Stephen is likely to be appointed President of the Divorce Court is not based upon fact; Sir James Stephen having openly and strongly supported the theory that women are an inferior order, any claim from whom for equality with men in laws or social customs is absurd.

F. F. M.

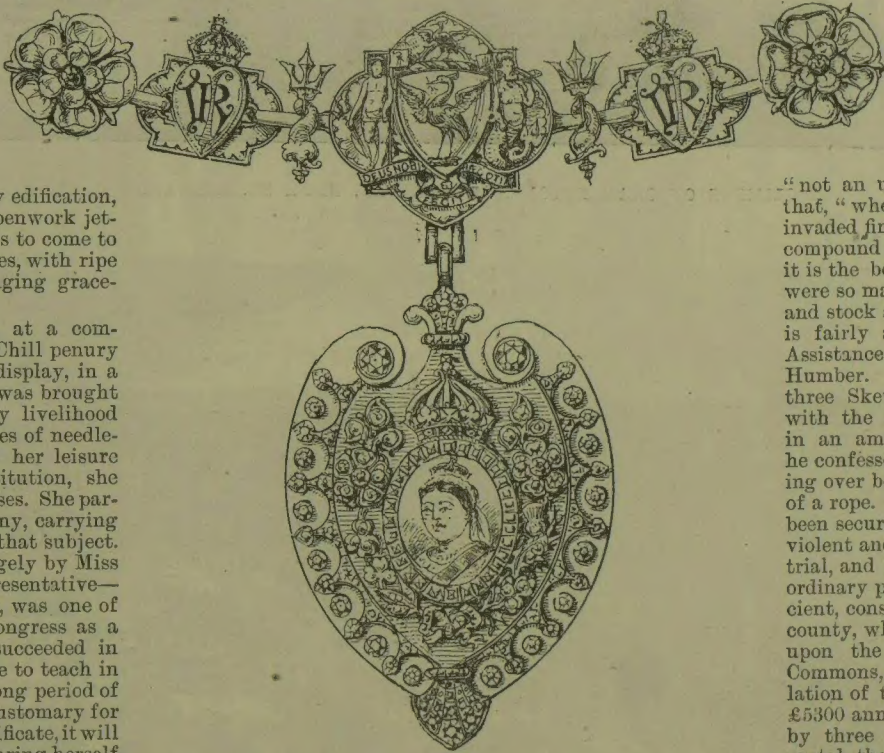
COMMEMORATION OF SIEGE OF BUDA.

Buda-Pesth, the capital of Hungary, is now one city, as the old city of Buda, on the right bank of the Danube, was officially incorporated with Pesth, the modern city on the left bank, in 1872. The combined population is about 360,000, including the suburbs; that of Buda, which the Germans call *Ofen*, is but a fifth part. While Pesth is handsomely built, with many elegant mansions and new public edifices, Buda, on a rocky eminence overlooking the broad river, contains monu-



A RELIC OF THE CAPTURE OF BUDA.

ments of historic antiquity; the fortress of Blocksberg, the Royal Palace of Maria Theresa, with the chapel in which the crown of Hungary is preserved, the tombs of the ancient reigning family of Arpad, and several grand old churches. There is a tunnel under the hill, communicating with the suspension-bridge. Last week, an interesting festival took place at Buda, in commemoration of one of the greatest events in the romantic history of Hungary and Austria; which two distinct monarchies were united, in 1526, under one sovereign, who is now Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, with separate Diets and Governments. On Sept. 2, 1686, the long war against the invading Turks was terminated by the recapture of Buda, which the Turks had held some years, having indeed besieged Vienna in 1683, when they were repelled by Duke Charles of Lorraine and the Poles under John Sobieski. The fortress was defended by Abdurrahman Abdi Pasha, aided by a Turkish army outside, during a fierce siege of ten weeks, and was finally taken by assault. From



CHAIN AND BADGE FOR THE MAYORESS OF LIVERPOOL, Presented to the City by Sir David Radcliffe, the Mayor.

that time to 1699, the date of the Treaty of Carlowitz, the Turks continually lost ground. By this treaty, Sultan Mustapha II. ceded Hungary and Transylvania, Podolia and the Ukraine, the Morea (which was surrendered to Venice), Dalmatia, and Azov. The terrible force which had threatened Europe for more than two centuries was beaten back. Henceforth it was confined within definite boundaries, and Italy, Germany, and Hungary had no longer to fear the Mussulman invasion.

The Emperor Francis Joseph was present last week at the bicentenary celebration of the recapture of Buda from the Turks. There was a grand assembly in the state-room of the Casino. The company included the Ministers, numerous members of both Houses of the Hungarian Parliament, the

consuls-general, bannerets, cardinals, and bishops, the generals of the army, representatives of the academy and university, and of scientific institutions, deputations from foreign countries, and descendants of the officers of the allied army of 1686, now residing in Germany, Austria, France, Sweden, Prussia, and Bavaria. The Emperor entered the saloon, accompanied by a brilliant suite, including the Austro-Hungarian War Minister, and his Majesty's chief aide-de-camp, amid enthusiastic cheers from all. The proceedings commenced with a speech from the Chief Burgomaster, who, after describing the circumstances and origin of the celebration, thanked the Emperor for the honour of his presence, as well as the representatives of the foreign nations, and concluded by calling for cheers for the King of Hungary and the Fatherland. Baron Kemeny, Minister of Public Works, and President of the Historical Society, delivered a speech, giving the history of the notable event which was being celebrated; and Count Szechen, the Grand Marshal of the Court, read a memorandum relating to the celebration. The Emperor and suite then left the hall, amid loud and prolonged cheering.

One of the most interesting relics of this famous siege is the Nuremberg egg-shaped watch, shown in our Illustration. The following is a translation of the inscription in Old German:—"Anno 1686. Between August 23 and September 2, the Imperial and Royal City of Ofen (otherwise Buda), in Hungary, was saved from the Turks by the victorious army of his Imperial and Royal Majesty Leopold; and among the spoils this watch was taken." The watch is of the earliest construction known; it has but one hand for the time of day, and, from the Arabic characters, was probably made by order of the Sultan for his own use, or for presentation. It is likewise furnished with a calendar, and the numerals and letterings are also Arabic. This relic was in the London Great Exhibition of 1862, and has been shown at conversazioni of the Society of Arts in London. It has been in the possession of the firm of J. W. Benson, 25, Old Bond-street, for more than half a century, and is part of a collection they have made of antique and curious watches.

THE MAYORESS OF LIVERPOOL.

The Mayor of Liverpool, Alderman Sir David Radcliffe, whose year of office will be remembered for the Queen's visit at the opening of the Liverpool Exhibition, has performed a graceful act in presenting to the Corporation of that city a handsome gold chain and badge to be worn in future by its Mayoresses, beginning, of course, with Lady Radcliffe. The Lady Mayoress of York has been privileged to wear a similar ornament since the time of Queen Elizabeth. The Liverpool Town Council, at its meeting last week, passed a resolution accepting the Mayor's gift, and thanking his Worship. This decoration was specially manufactured from an artistic design suggested by the Mayor, by Messrs. Elkington and Co., Church-street. The badge and chain are of 18-carat gold, hall-marked every link. The chain is 30 in. long, consisting of alternate links, divided from each other by Lancaster roses, with a large ruby in the centre of each. The design of the links is formed by heraldic shields showing, respectively, the Royal monogram, surmounted by the Imperial crown, and the traditional liver with the civic crown over the shield. These are beautifully executed in enamel. The central link, from which the badge is suspended, is of an oblong shape, enamelled with the arms of the city, rendered in proper heraldic colours. The badge itself is heart-shaped, and bears in the centre an excellent portrait of her Majesty, in miniature-painted enamel, surrounded by a circle of pure white diamonds, with a wreath of roses, thistles, and shamrocks in brilliant rubies, emeralds, and sapphires. The Imperial Crown, with a fleur-de-lis in diamonds, forms the summit of the whole. Messrs. Elkington and Co. have produced this magnificent piece of work in the highest style of art. We are informed that when Mr. R. A. Davies, representing the firm, took the casket to Osborne containing the loyal address to her Majesty on the occasion of the recent Royal visit, he also submitted this chain and badge for the Queen's inspection, and to obtain her gracious consent to the gift, as her portrait, monogram, and the imperial crown formed part of the design. It was signified to Mr. Davies that her Majesty was greatly pleased with the idea and with the manner in which it had been carried out.

THE CROFTERS OF TIREE.

The visitation of this small island on the western coast of Scotland by a force of the Royal Marines, to repress threatened resistance to the execution of the law, is said to have been "not an unmixed evil." One Scottish correspondent writes that, "whether the invaders like the expedition or not, the invaded find it a lucrative and agreeable business. They would compound for an invasion on the same terms every summer; it is the best tourist season they have ever had; there never were so many people on their island since it was inhabited, and stock and dairy produce never fetched such prices; money is fairly abundant in Tiree." On the 19th ult., H.M.S. Assistance left the island, having been superseded by H.M.S. Humber. An officer of the former ship has sent us two or three Sketches, one of which shows the native peasantry, with the seamen and Marines of the Royal Navy, engaged in an amicable trial of strength. The sturdy islanders, he confesses, proved the better men at "the tug of war," pulling over both the "jollies" and the "bluejackets" at the end of a rope. We are glad that the object of the expedition has been secured in a peaceable manner; the ringleaders of the late violent and lawless combination are in prison awaiting their trial, and general good-humour is apparently restored. The ordinary police force of Argyllshire seems to be very insufficient, consisting of sixty constables for the whole of that large county, which includes several of the islands. In the debate upon the crofters' question last week, in the House of Commons, it was stated, with regard to Tiree, that the population of the island numbered 2700 persons. The rental was £5300 annually. Thirty-five per cent of the rental was paid by three persons; twelve persons paid over a half of the rental, the remainder being made up by 200 crofter families. In addition to these there were 320 cotter families who had no land. On the other hand, it was shown that most of the land had been divided among crofters and small farmers below the £100 limit. There were 2500 acres of arable land divided into crofts and small farms. There were only 450 acres devoted to larger farms, and there was only one farm which paid a rent of £500 per year. Besides the 2500 arable acres the small farmers and crofters in Tiree had about 2000 acres of outfield land or green pasture, exclusive of link land, which is very fine grazing land, and other rougher land. The crofters, however, seem to have expected that, after the passing of the Crofters Act, the Duke of Argyll might be able to give them one of the large farms when it became vacant. They petitioned the agent of the Duke, but received no reply; they then took possession of the farm of Greenhill, and began to cultivate it. Sheriff's officers were sent to serve writs upon them, and a sheriff's officer was resisted and compelled by threats to retire.

EARTHQUAKE AT CHARLESTON.

The great earthquake, on Tuesday last week, extending over the Atlantic States of the American Union from Alabama to New York, and to the inland States of Pennsylvania and Ohio, was mentioned in our last. Its effects were most terrible at Charleston, the capital of South Carolina. That city, with a population of 40,000, is situated at the junction of the Ashley and Cooper rivers, seven miles from the open sea, at the head of a large harbour defended by Fort Sumter and Fort Moultrie, which are famous as the scenes of the first hostilities in the War of Secession in 1861. Castle Pinckney and Fort Ripley also guard the entrance. Charleston was regularly laid out and handsomely built, with pleasant avenues of trees, and the adjacent country, though flat, affords much agreeable scenery by the riverside. A fine view of the city, harbour, and neighbourhood, was to be had from the tower of St. Michael's Church. The artillery of the besieging Northern force, in 1863, did much damage to this church, and to St. Philip's, while it almost destroyed St. Finn Barr's, the Catholic Cathedral. The City Hall, the Court House, the Custom House, the Post Office, and the Market House, were the chief public buildings. The population of the State of South Carolina is rather under 700,000, of whom 400,000 are negroes; it produces some of the finest cotton and rice, furnishing a considerable export trade. There was very little shipping in the port of Charleston when the earthquake occurred, and none of the vessels suffered any damage, the water in the harbour remaining unaffected, although all the shocks came from a south-westerly direction.

The earthquake at Charleston began a few minutes before ten o'clock in the evening, with the first and most destructive shock, which was heralded by a dull,



A GLIMPSE OF CHARLESTON AND THE BAY, FROM ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

rumbling sound, like distant thunder; the earth quivered and heaved; and, when it subsided, two thirds of the buildings in the town were more or less damaged, some totally wrecked. Fires broke out soon in many of the houses, conflagrations raging in five different parts of the town at once. The whole population rushed out into the streets and open spaces, but some were crushed or imprisoned by the falling houses; about forty were killed, and 200 were severely hurt. The shocks were repeated eight times during the same night, and on several days afterwards, especially on the Friday night of the same week. While not a few buildings in the city are entirely ruined, the ends, or the roofs, or the sides having disappeared, many others, apparently less injured, have had to be bound with strong cables, in order to prevent them collapsing before preparation has been made for their removal; as soon as possible, all these dangerous structures will be levelled by means of dynamite. On the first day's inspection of the city 500 buildings were condemned. As the entire rateable value of Charleston was twenty-two million dollars, the loss of one half of that sum will go a long way to ruin one of the handsomest cities in the Southern States. The city engineer reports that there were 7800 buildings prior to the earthquake. The estimates of the loss suffered vary, but it is believed that 60 per cent of the buildings have been destroyed irreparably. Two thousand five hundred of the white and 3500 of the black inhabitants have left the city. The South Carolina Railroad has furnished 150 freight-cars as temporary homes for the sufferers.

The latest telegrams state that for miles round Charleston large fissures, hillocks, and depressions have been created. The upheavals wrecked two trains. A rumbling noise and loud detonations accompanied the shocks. Sulphurous fumes, blue



CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, THE CITY DESTROYED BY THE LATE EARTHQUAKE.



RETURN OF PRINCE ALEXANDER TO BULGARIA; ARRIVAL AT RUSTCHUK.
FROM A SKETCH BY M. JOSEPH RIEDEL.

mud and stones were cast up from an active volcano which appeared near Summerville, South Carolina. Six hundred refugees are at Columbus, South Carolina, from Summerville, and part of that town has been destroyed. At Savannah, Georgia, there is much suffering, and the people, in fear of a return of the earthquake, are living in the squares and streets. From Raleigh, North Carolina, it is reported that the phenomena were startling in the mountains in the vicinity of the Pinnacle and Black Mountains, Mitchell county. The subterranean rumblings were tremendous, and continued fifteen minutes; immense rocks were hurled down the mountain into the valleys, and the people fled to the woods.

Scientific men differ entirely as to the character of the recent disaster. One denies that it had a volcanic origin. Another thinks that the phenomena indicate the approaching birth of an active volcano on the American Continent. Professor M'Gee, of the United States Geological Survey, considers that the fundamental rock constituting the coast-plain, extending from the ocean to South Carolina, has slipped away from the continental rock towards the ocean. Professor M'Gee says geologists had noticed traces of this seaward tendency of the coast-plain in the Middle States, and that the theory is further supported by the fissures running north and south and exuding such sands as are known to lie near the surface. But when he arrived at the site of the fissures, and found many of them running east and west, and exuding a bluish mud from deep in the earth, Professor M'Gee admitted that he was puzzled. His theory obviously disconnects the earthquake at Charleston from the shocks in Greece, Italy, and at Vesuvius.

The latest accounts make the number of deaths at Charleston ninety-six, including those who were injured and have since died. A relief fund of half a million dollars has been subscribed for the distressed townspeople.

Queen Victoria has sent the following message by cable to the President of the United States:—"I desire to express my profound sympathy with the sufferers by the late earthquakes, and await with anxiety fuller intelligence, which I hope may show the effects to have been less disastrous than reported.—(Signed) Victoria." President Cleveland replied:—"Your Majesty's expression of sympathy is warmly appreciated, and awakes a grateful response in American hearts."

The Views of Charleston and its neighbourhood are borrowed, by permission, from Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s publication, "Picturesque America," which we have noticed heretofore as a very beautiful descriptive work.

OBITUARY.

LORD HENRY GORDON LENNOX.

The Right Hon. Lord Henry Charles George Gordon Lennox, P.C., M.A., Oxford, died at Eastbourne, on the 28th ult. He was born Nov. 2, 1821, the third son of Charles, fifth Duke of Richmond, K.G., by Caroline, his wife, eldest daughter of Henry William, first Marquis of Anglesey, K.G., G.C.B. He was educated at Westminster, and at Christ Church, Oxford, and sat in Parliament as member for Chichester from 1846 to 1855. He was *Precis* Writer to Lord Aberdeen at the Foreign Office 1845 to 1846; a Lord of the Treasury, 1852 to 1853, and again 1858 to 1859; First Secretary to the Admiralty, 1868; and First Commissioner of Works, 1874 to 1876. He married, Jan. 25, 1883, Amelia Susannah, widow of Mr. John White, of Arddarroch, in the county of Dumfries. Lord Henry Lennox took a prominent part in discussions on the Navy.

COLONEL NAYLOR LEYLAND.

Colonel Tom Naylor Leyland, of Nantelwyd, Ruthin, J.P., High Sheriff of Denbighshire in 1880, and Lieutenant-Colonel Denbighshire Yeomanry Cavalry, whose sad and lamented death occurred from an accident, while deer-stalking in Straithvaich Forest, on the 26th ult., was son and heir of Captain Thomas Leyland, of Haggerston Castle, Northumberland, who was eldest son of Mr. John Naylor, of Hartford Hill, Cheshire, by Dorothy, his wife, daughter of Mr. Richard Bullin, of Liverpool. Colonel Naylor Leyland was born in 1841, and married, in 1862, Mary Ann, daughter of Mr. Charles Scarisbrick, of Scarisbrick, by whom he leaves issue.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Bishop Eden, Mr. Samuel Morley, and Dr. Wakley, whose portraits and memoirs are given on another page.

Mr. William Henry Rudston-Read, M.A., of Hayton, in the county of York, J.P., Barrister-at-Law, aged seventy-eight.

Mr. John Berners, J.P. and D.L., of Woolverstone Park, Suffolk, eldest son of the Venerable Henry Denny Berners, Archdeacon of Suffolk, on the 31st ult., aged eighty-six.

Lieutenant-Colonel George Frederick Bryant, Bombay Staff Corps, on the 6th ult., at sea, in his forty-seventh year. He was in the Abyssinian Campaign of 1867, in the Afghan War of 1878, and the Egyptian Expedition of 1882.

Mr. William Hodgson, M.A., of Gilston Park, Herts, J.P. for Cumberland and Essex, Barrister-at-Law, on the 27th ult., aged eighty-three; last surviving son of the late Mr. Thomas Hodgson, of Bowness and Wanstead, and brother and heir of Mr. John Hodgson, of Gilston Park.

Mary Jane, wife of W. T. Talbot Crosbie, Esq., of Ardferit Abbey, in the county of Kerry, heir general of the Earls of Glendore, widow of Sir Ralph Abercrombie Anstruther, Bart., and daughter of Major-General Sir Henry Torrens, K.C.B., on the 26th ult.

Major William Affleck King, youngest son of Admiral Sir Richard King, G.C.B., by Maria Susannah, his second wife, daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, Bart., on the 24th ult., at Walden-place, Saffron Walden, aged fifty-five. He married, in 1873, Charlotte Webster, grand-daughter of the late Hon. Chief Justice Bowen.

Captain James Louis St. Clair, J.P., of Staverton Court, Gloucestershire, formerly 17th Madras Native Infantry, on the 31st ult., in his seventieth year. He was second son of the late Colonel James Pattison St. Clair, of Felcourt Lodge, Surrey, and married, in 1848, Juliet, daughter of Mr. George Crawshaw, of Colney Hatch.

The Hon. and Rev. Atherton Legh Powys, M.A., Cambridge, formerly Rector of Titchmarsh, Northamptonshire, on the 28th ult., at Gotham Rectory, Derby, aged seventy-six. He was fourth son of Thomas, second Lord Lilford, by Henrietta Maria, his wife, eldest daughter and coheir of Mr. Robert Vernon Atherton, of Atherton Hall, by Harriett, his wife, eldest daughter and coheir of Mr. Peter Legh, of Lyme.

On Thursday the Right Rev. Dr. Reeves was enthroned in Lisburn Cathedral as Bishop of Down, Connor, and Dromore.

Mr. Weih, "cur director" of Baden-Baden, also a town councillor, informs us that for the last fifteen years the place was never so full as it is now, the English, American, and French being unusually numerous; and at all the good hotels hundreds of persons have been refused daily. The "cur list" of visitors for the first of September contained four thousand more names than on any previous year; and in a few days, Mr. Weih adds, there will be half a dozen more crowned heads there.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

F E P (Brighton).—The notice was intended for you. The problems shall not be forgotten.

C A L B (Teddington).—Your problems are always "good enough," but we are not yet quite certain of the accuracy of the last one. It shall appear in good time. PHENOMENON (Clapham).—Your last letter discloses a new phase of fatuity. The late Herr Kleng never had any connection with this Paper. We have already answered you in reference to No. 2192.

A B (Kew).—We are much indebted to you and to Captain Mackenzie for the game. We are inclined to envy you Derwentwater and Lodore at this season of the year.

W B S (Ripon).—The "flight squares" in a problem are those to which the Black King can be played after White's first move. Your other questions, referring to mates in one move, are really too trivial.

W G C (Frome).—The capturing Pawn is placed on the square over which the adverse Pawn is passed, as if the latter had been moved only one square instead of two.

U N M (Calcutta).—We agree with you that the difficulty of No. 2206 was much overrated.

W R R (Ipswich).—The week's delay in acknowledging solutions is unavoidable. This column is prepared for press nearly a week before the date of publication.

H B M (St. Lucia). Unsuitable. PROBLEMS received with thanks from G Heathcote, James Murray (Belfast), Emmo (Darlington), and O Larren (Edinburgh).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS NOS. 2203 to 2205 received from J S Logan (Blackburne, Natal); of 2208 and 2211 from M H Moorhouse; of 2209 from the Rev. John Willis (Barnstable, U.S.A.); of 2209 to 2212 from Pierce Jones; of 2210 from George J Veale, E Schwann; of 2210 to 2212 from John C Brenner; of 2211 from Columbus, Edmund Field, J W S, Peterhouse, and T G (Ware).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2212 received from A Tannerbrum, H Lucas, E Featherstone, H T H, W R Raille, H Reeve, J Hall, W H D Henvey, Jupiter Junior, L Wyman, Otto Fuldner (Ghent), Thomas Chown, E Louder, W Hillier, Hereward, R Tweddell, Commander W L Martin (R.N.), E Casella (Paris), Joseph Ainsworth, A C Hunt, Laura Greaves, C E P, L Sharswood, Ernest Sharswood, R L Southwell, C E Turner, Shadforth, Dr. Blumberg, C Oswald, Julia Short, J K (South Hampstead), L Falcon (Antwerp), H Wardell, Ben Nevis, W Heathcote, T G (Ware), Edmund Field, Bales of Otley, C Darragh, Jack, G Heathcote, Richard Murphy (Wexford), T Roberts, E Elsbury, C Oswald, E Schwann, W Biddle, Columbus, Peterhouse, and Rev. Winfield Cooper.

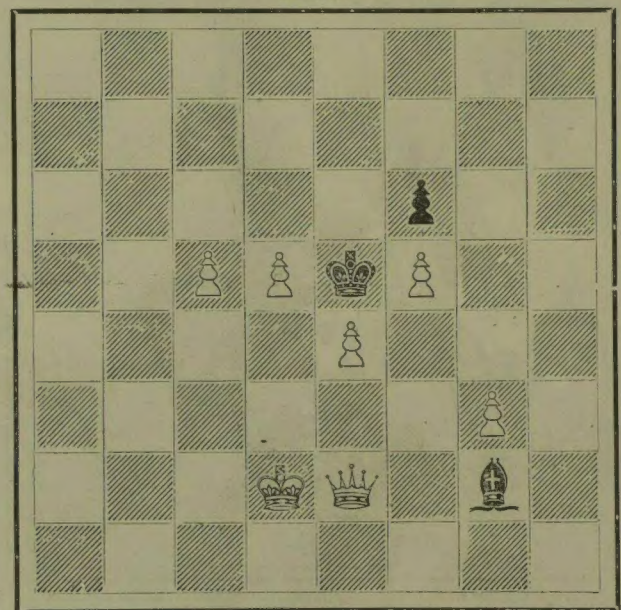
SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

No. 2209.		No. 2210.	
WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Q to Q Kt sq	Any move	1. Q to Q R sq	P to Kt 4th
2. Mates accordingly.		2. Q to R 8th (ch)	Any move
		3. Mates accordingly.	
		If Black play 1. B to R 2nd, White continues with 2. Q to B 3rd, &c.	

PROBLEM No. 2214.

By FRITZ HOFFMANN (Munich).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

Sixth Game in the late Match between Captain MACKENZIE and Mr. BURN, played at Simpson's Divan on the 18th ult. (Irregular Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Capt. M.)	WHITE (Mr. B.)	BLACK (Capt. M.)
1. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 4th	30. P to Q 6th	B to B 6th
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	31. R to B 2nd	R to K R sq
3. P to K 3rd	P to B 4th	Black's fertility of resource in attack is strongly marked in this game. He now threatens 32. Q to R 6th and 33. Q takes Kt (ch), &c.	
4. P to Kt 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	32. R takes B	Foiling the contemplated attack.
5. B to Kt 2nd	Kt to Q B 3rd	33. Q takes P	P takes R
6. B to Q 3rd	P takes P	34. R to K B sq	R to R 3rd
7. P takes P	B to Q 3rd	35. Q to K 3rd	R to Kt 3rd
8. Q Kt to Q 2nd	B to Q 2nd	36. R to B 2nd	Q to B 3rd
9. Castles	Kt to Q Kt 5th	37. Kt to Q 4th	Q takes R P
10. B to K 2nd	R to Q B sq	Of course, if 37. P takes Kt, then 38. Q to K 7th (ch), &c.	
Already on the attack.		38. Kt to B 5th (ch)	K to R 2nd
11. P to Q B 4th	Castles	39. Kt to K 7th	
12. P to B 5th	B to Kt sq	White, if he had not been a little pressed for time here, would, as he afterwards pointed out, have examined 34. Q to K B 3rd, followed, should Bt take 34. Q to K sq, by 40. Q to R 5th (ch), and P to Q 7th, &c. The move in the text, however, reverses the exchange with a winning position.	
13. P to Q R 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	40. Kt takes R (Kt 3rd)	Q takes Kt
14. P to Q Kt 4th	Kt to K 5th	41. Q to K B 3rd	R to Q sq
15. Kt to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to K 2nd	There is no way of saving the Pawn.	
16. Kt to B sq	P to B 3rd	42. Q takes P (ch)	Q to Kt 2nd
17. Kt to Q 3rd	P to K Kt 4th	43. Q to Q 5th	B to R 2nd
18. P to Q R 4th	P to B 2nd	44. K to Kt 2nd	Q to Kt 3rd
Threatening 19. P to Kt 5th, and 20. Q takes K R P, &c.		45. B takes K P	
19. P to K Kt 3rd	P to K R 4th	Perfectly sound; for if 45. P takes B, then 46. Q to B 7th (ch), Q takes Q; 47. R takes Q wins easily.	
20. Kt to Q 2nd	P to R 5th	46. R takes P	Q to B 7th (ch)
21. Kt takes Kt		47. K to R 3rd	P to Kt 5th (ch)
A prudent exchange. The adverse Knight occupied a good position for an offensive sacrifice in order to break up the position on the King's side.		48. K takes P	Q to K 7th (ch)
21. P takes Kt	P takes Kt	49. R to B 3rd	R to Q 2nd
22. Kt to K sq	P takes Kt P	50. K to R 3rd	
23. B P takes P	Kt to B 4th	and Black resigned.	
24. Q to Kt 3rd			

White's defence against any attempt at brilliancy by way of sacrificing the Knight is very instructive.

24. K to Kt 2nd
25. P to Q 5th
This shuts out the adverse Bishop, but it also shuts in his own.

26. Kt to Q B 2nd
27. B to Kt 4th
28. Kt takes Kt
29. Kt to Kt 5th

26. Kt to Q B 2nd
27. B to Kt 4th
28. Kt takes Kt
29. Kt to Kt 5th

26. Kt to Q B 2nd
27. B to Kt 4th
28. Kt takes Kt
29. Kt to Kt 5th

26. Kt to Q B 2nd
27. B to Kt 4th
28. Kt takes Kt
29. Kt to Kt 5th

26. Kt to Q B 2nd
27. B to Kt 4th
28. Kt takes Kt
29. Kt to Kt 5th

26. Kt to Q B 2nd
27. B to Kt 4th
28. Kt takes Kt
29. Kt to Kt 5th

26. Kt to Q B 2nd
27. B to Kt 4th
28. Kt takes Kt
29. Kt to Kt 5th

26. Kt to Q B 2nd
27. B to Kt 4th
28. Kt takes Kt
29. Kt to Kt 5th

26. Kt to Q B 2nd
27. B to Kt 4th
28. Kt takes Kt
29. Kt to Kt 5th

26. Kt to Q B 2nd
27. B to Kt 4th
28. Kt takes Kt
29. Kt to Kt 5th

26. Kt to Q B 2nd
27. B to Kt 4th
28. Kt takes Kt
29. Kt to Kt 5th

26. Kt to Q B 2nd
27. B to Kt 4th
28. Kt takes Kt
29. Kt to Kt 5th

26. Kt to Q B 2nd
27. B to Kt 4th
28. Kt takes Kt
29. Kt to Kt 5th

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science at Birmingham began on Wednesday week. The President for the year is Sir J. W. Dawson, Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the McGill University, Montreal, who took as the subject of his inaugural address the history of the formation of the Atlantic Ocean. The address was attentively listened to, and frequently applauded. Alderman Martineau, the Mayor, proposed a vote of thanks to the President, the motion being seconded by Professor Bonney, and carried with acclamation.

The practical work of the meeting began on Thursday morning, when all the sections were opened by their respective presidents with addresses. Sir William Dawson was present in the geological section to hear Professor Burney's address on the revelations of the microscope concerning the sedimentary deposits. He visited several of the sections during the day, and was everywhere most cordially received. Among the most interesting addresses delivered were those of Sir George Campbell, Mr. Carruthers, and Sir F. J. Goldsmid, in the Anthropological, Biological, and Geographical sections respectively. In the Physical Science Department it was stated that the most probable theory as to the limitation of geological time was a period of one hundred millions of years. A communication was read as to the scientific results of the observations on the recent eclipse of the sun. A conversation was held in Bingley Hall.

The unusual course of two sections meeting together for the discussion of one subject took place on Friday, the mathematicians and biologists joining for the consideration of certain physical and physiological theories of colour-blindness. This subject has often been discussed at these meetings, and on a former occasion some astonishing revelations were made with reference to the prevalence of colour-blindness amongst engine drivers, who were utterly unable to distinguish between the red and green signals. The chair was taken by Professor Darwin, president of the Mathematical section, and the subject was opened by Lord Rayleigh, the secretary of the Railway Society, and president last year of the Mathematical Section. The discussion lasted until two o'clock. In the Anthropological Section Sir Charles Wilson read his interesting notes on the tribes of the Soudan to but a scanty audience; but the Economic Section was well filled at the commencement, and continued so during the discussions on the boarding-out of pauper children and the tenure of land. The other sections were but sparsely attended.

Among the subjects dealt with last Saturday were the infection of drinking water, working men's co-operative organisations, economic exceptions to *laissez faire*, and allotments for labourers. Excursions were made to places of interest in the neighbourhood. In the evening Professor W.C. Roberts Austen gave a lecture in the Townhall to a large audience of the working classes on "Colours of Metals and their Alloys." The lecture was illustrated copiously by examples designed to call the attention of the Birmingham metal-workers to the coloured alloys of metals, especially of copper. In showing how gold was apparently debased by the presence of other metals, Professor Austen melted, in the presence of the audience, 200 sovereigns, with the addition of a portion of lead.

Sermons were preached on Sunday in many of the churches both of the Establishment and of the Roman Catholic and dissenting bodies, referring to the meetings of the association.

On Monday Sir H. Roscoe was elected President of next year's meeting at Manchester; and it was resolved to hold the meeting of 1888 at Bath. Negotiations are proceeding with the authorities of New South Wales with a view to holding a supplementary meeting in 1888 at Sydney. A report was presented by a Committee upon Antarctic Exploration, and it was determined that the committee should be enlarged, and the subject further considered. Papers were read in the sections upon the Electric Light in Lighthouses, One-Pound Notes, the Cost of the Production of Silver, Defects in Railway Administration, Canal Communication, Heredity in Cats with an Extra Number of Toes, North Borneo, North China and Corea, and Arctic Exploration.

Tuesday being practically the last day of the association's work, all the sections sat, and were very busy. In the Geological Section some account was given of the recent earthquakes in America in a cablegram from Major Powell. Several highly interesting papers were read and discussed by the anthropologists, Sir George Campbell putting forth several theories to prove the identity of the Aryan race. In the Economic Section technical education and science teaching in elementary schools were considered. In the evening the Mayor gave a conversation to the members of the association at the Council House.

Only two or three of the sections met on Wednesday, to get through the concluding papers before the final meeting.

The Portrait of the late Mr. Samuel Morley is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry, of Baker-street; that of the late Bishop Eden, from one by Mr. Samuel A. Walker, of Regent-street; that of the late Dr. James Wakley, from one by Mr. Barraud, of Oxford-street; and that of the centenarian French Professor of Chemistry, M. Chevreuil, from a photograph by Liebert, of Paris.

A great exhibition is proposed to be held in Glasgow two years hence, to be called the Scottish Science and Industry Exhibition.—At a meeting of the Glasgow Town Council last week, Mr. Robertson, solicitor, said that a client of his, whose name he was not permitted to mention, had bequeathed to that city fifty acres of ground on Cathkin Brae. The hill commands the finest view of Glasgow.

The nineteenth Annual Trades Union Congress began its sittings in Hull on Monday. Mr. Briggs, Sheriff of Hull (in the absence of the Mayor, through illness), welcomed the representatives of labour. Mr. J. Maudsley, the retiring president, addressed the members on the state of the labour market, and maintained that working men were now labouring too many hours, and that too few people were in the position of producers. Referring to the Trades Congress in Paris, he said that united action on the part of European workmen was nearer at hand than before. The report of the Parliamentary Committee, which, among other subjects, dealt with employers' liability, coroners' inquests, overtime, co-operation, and labour representation, was presented. Mr. F. Maddison, of the Trade and Labour Council, was elected president, and Mr. K. J. Wilkinson, Hull, secretary of the Congress. On Tuesday, Mr. Maddison gave his opening address. Resolutions were passed in favour of extending the provisions of the Employers' Liability Act, increasing the number of factory, work-shop, and mine inspectors, and urging the appointment of practical working men or women to these posts. The Congress resumed its sittings on Wednesday morning with the consideration of the subject of labour representation. All the delegates were agreed as to the desirableness of many working men being in Parliament. They dwelt mainly on the want of funds to support such members and the difficulty of uniting working men of different political parties in the election of labour candidates.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"Hark! Hark! the dogs do bark, the players are coming to town!" In a short time we shall be in the full swim of the welcome autumn theatrical season. When the corn is down and the partridges are plentifully falling, then is the time for the playhouses, for, attractive as country houses may be, there is always someone running up to town "just for business, you know"; and then come the cheery dinners at the club, and the cool, comfortable evenings at the theatre. It should be placed on record how many plays, nursed with care, and patiently helped over the stile, have borne the trial of the summer solstice and the rivalry of the Colonial Exhibition. It has not been such a very bad August, after all. Whilst we were away holiday-making, sunning ourselves in the Bay of Biscay, and scorching ourselves at Madrid, amused with the pictures of indolence of an unaccustomed country, and tortured with recollections of brutal bull-fights, reading, marking, and learning, both on sea and land, they were struggling on with anything but empty benches in London. The Adelphi, thanks to "The Harbour Lights," the gallant Lieutenant Terriss, R.N., and the fair Misses Millward and Mary Rorke, has never had such a summer season. The country cousin is true to old Adelphi loves. The playgoer is the most obstinate Conservative. Whenever man or woman has enjoyed a night at the play, there he or she will return. The father, who remembered the days of the "Colleen Bawn," the grandfather, who recalled the days of Frederick Yates, will all induce the younger generation to return to the Adelphi, where they are pretty sure to get their money's worth of honest amusement. Next door, Mr. Thomas Thorne has done wonderfully well also with the "Road to Ruin," thanks to the gallant assistance of such a genuine sterling actor as Mr. James Fernandez, and the hearty, buoyant enthusiasm of Mr. Charles Warner, the old and young Dornton of the latest revival of this celebrated play. If ever a stock company is to be seen in London again, it ought to be tried at the Vaudeville, where the public should expect old or new comedies, soundly acted and perfectly done. The Vaudeville has a charm possessed by few theatres. It ought to be done up from tip to toe, and turned into the Daly's Theatre of London. For the country cousins have proved this year that they are not indifferent to old comedy. It is all very well to sneer at the Colonial Exhibition, but it has been the means of bringing up sufficient excursionists to fill both the Haymarket and Vaudeville theatres and to give us healthy, appreciative, sympathetic audiences, not so *blasé* that they cared to sneer at Sheridan or O'Keefe. Amongst the modern successes the best has been made by Mr. Willie Edouin and his accomplished wife, Miss Alice Atherton, who "drew a bow at a venture," took the Comedy Theatre, and immediately made a success with "Blackberries" and a wonderfully comical play, "Turned Up." How quick London is to scent out what is good. It did not require wall advertisements or picture-posters or extravagant appeals to induce them to go and see Miss Alice Atherton in "Blackberries" or Mr. Willie Edouin in "Turned Up." It got about that the entertainment was good, and worth the money. Each successive and delighted audience advertised the

play better than any printer or lithographic artist. Mr. Mark Melford's farce is in its way the cleverest and most ingenious bit of nonsense that London has seen for some time. I wonder it escaped the notice of the ready and indefatigable Charles Wyndham, who could have run it at the Criterion for a couple of years. If anything, the play is too rich in surprise and incident. The mind is exhausted in unravelling its endless complications. As an example of farce construction, the French and German authors of the comedy of pure extravagance should take off their hats to Mr. Mark Melford, who tosses about his characters like an experienced juggler, and is only wearisome when he is most clever. He cannot stay his hand at the right time. When the audience cries "Hold, enough!" he will not listen. If the end of "Turned Up" could be conveniently altered, it would be the funniest and best sustained play of the Criterion school that has been presented for some time. The fact that it is wholly free from offence is a great recommendation in its favour. The sentimental and earnest "Sister Mary" turns Mr. Edouin's clever farce out of the Comedy; but "Turned Up" is certain to do well at the little Royalty; for it is in the air that it is a clever play, and everybody is talking about it.

True to her promise, Mrs. Conover has produced "Macbeth" at the Olympic. She has come before the footlights as Lady Macbeth. She has been seen; but that she has conquered it would not be possible to say. When Mrs. Conover first announced her intention of playing Lady Macbeth at her own theatre, those who go to the playhouse to jeer and cat-call thought they would have a fine time of it. They imagined the performance would be so deplorably bad, so utterly beyond the borderland of reason and common-sense, that the patrons of the drama would be able to enjoy an evening's skylarking at the expense of an earnest but curiously ill-advised lady. The silly tom-boys who hooted Mlle. Réca off the stage of the Haymarket, and grinned with delight as the tears ran down her disappointed cheeks, prepared themselves for a field-day of brutality when Mrs. Conover strove to render Lady Macbeth in intelligible English. So far they were disappointed. Mrs. Conover's Lady Macbeth was good enough to be tolerated, even if it was bad enough to be wholly exempt from serious criticism. In plain words, it was just nothing at all. The misguided lady had been parroted in the text, and taught by injudicious friends that to know the words was to play the part. She had been dwelling for weeks in a fool's paradise, and not one kind friend took her by the hand and said, "Be advised, don't do it!" For it could have been seen from the outset; the stage instructor must have known; anyone could have told at any one rehearsal that the new Lady Macbeth was simply nothing at all. It was not Lady Macbeth, or any distant resemblance to this grand embodiment of ambitious recklessness and determined power in woman, but merely poor Mrs. Conover grimly and deliberately remembering her lines and recalling the last words of her stage adviser. This is, of course, not at all the kind of Lady Macbeth that is likely to draw the town. Much money has been spent on the play, to very little purpose. It would have been far better to obtain a company capable of speaking and understanding the text of

Shakespeare than painting new scenery and arranging countless pictures to illustrate the mangled and distorted poetry. People don't go to the theatre to see the panorama of "Macbeth," but the play. All the advantage of scenery is wasted when the teeth are set on edge, and the senses shivered every other minute, by obstinately faulty elocution and an absence of poetic insight that was positively astounding. No provincial manager, twenty years ago, would have dared to put before his patrons a play of Shakespeare rendered with such studied perverseness of unintelligence. It was enough to make the late Samuel Phelps rise in his grave and growl. Compare this revival, for instance, with all the care bestowed upon it, and all the money spent upon it, with a performance of "Macbeth" at Sadler's Wells, Islington. But a manageress who has no ear for the poetry of Shakespeare, no sense of its beauty, no means of conveying its mystery, is scarcely the best judge for selecting a company capable of interpreting "Macbeth." How should she know that Banquo was mouthing, or that Macduff was creating laughter by a familiar tone that Charles Mathews once assumed when he played Rodrigo? Locke's music, however, well performed, must necessarily divorce the mind from the majesty and mysterious splendour of this sublime tragedy. It was well done; and this florid, unimaginative music, aided by the bold rendering of Macbeth by Mr. Barnes, duly pleased those who had not studied the play, nor could ever regard it apart from the tinsel of the theatre. The art of extricating every glow, every gleam, every ray of beauty and imagination from Shakespeare's text was exercised with a Philistine defiance that was absolutely astounding. The prize for un-Shakespeareanising Shakespeare should be awarded, without contention, to this extraordinary and ill-judged revival.

C. S.

To-day (Saturday) the Lyceum Theatre reopens with "Faust," which will on the occasion be presented for the 189th time. Mr. Irving will resume his part of Mephistopheles, and Miss Ellen Terry will again assume the rôle of Margaret.

The marriage of Major-General Cyril Ducat and Miss Howard, only daughter of the late Right Hon. W. K. Howard and Lady Louisa Howard, took place in East Woodhay parish church, near Newbury, on Tuesday.

An exhibition of fruit and flowers was opened on Tuesday in the conservatory at South Kensington, and was continued on the following day. Special prizes were offered by the Royal Horticultural Society for grapes and dahlias, and for vegetables by Messrs. Sutton and Messrs. Carter. In addition to dahlias, lilies, gladioli, and roses were shown in great profusion.

The North Islington Fine Art and Industrial Exhibition, Dancombe-street, Hornsey-rise, established in the spring of this year by Mr. Bartley, M.P., has proved so successful that the management have decided to make it a permanent institution; and with this object in view have taken the adjoining premises, intending to add a library, reading, smoking, and refreshment rooms to the existing accommodation. The concerts, which are held nightly, have proved a great attraction, and are invariably well attended.

PEARS' SOAP

HEALTHFUL
SKIN.
GOOD
COMPLEXION

SOFT, WHITE
BEAUTIFUL
HANDS.

PEARS'
SOAP

PREVENTS

REDNESS,
ROUGHNESS &
CHAPPING.

PEARS' SOAP.

THE PUREST & MOST DURABLE
TOILET SOAP,

HENCE THE BEST & CHEAPEST.

Good Complexion! AND Nice Hands!

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A most Eminent Authority on the Skin,

Professor Sir Erasmus Wilson, F.R.S.,

Writes in the JOURNAL OF CUTANEOUS MEDICINE:—

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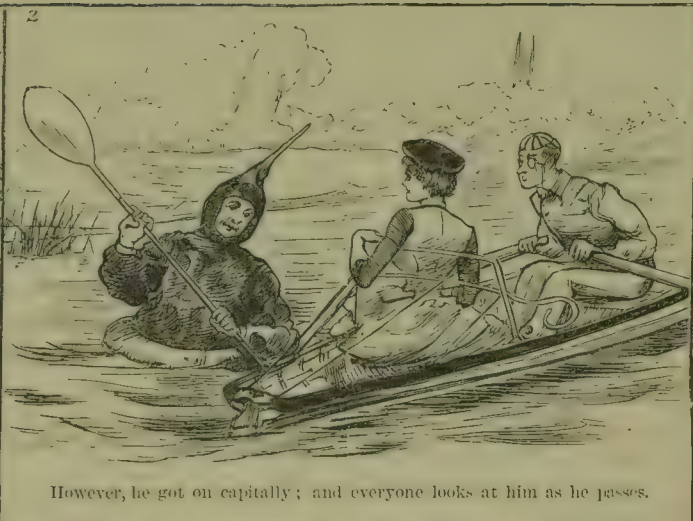
(The 2s. 6d. Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Roses.)

A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at 6d.

PEARS'
Transparent
SOAP.



That enthusiast, Smith, determined on going up the river in a sort of Boyton dress of his own. It was awfully hard work blowing one's self out, though.



However, he got on capitally; and everyone looks at him as he passes.



But there were great disputes at the locks as to what kind of craft he was.



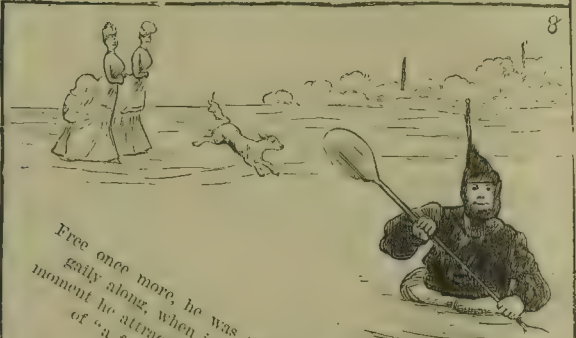
Again he urges on his wild career, stopped all too soon by weeds which catch his feet, while the stream nearly carries him under.



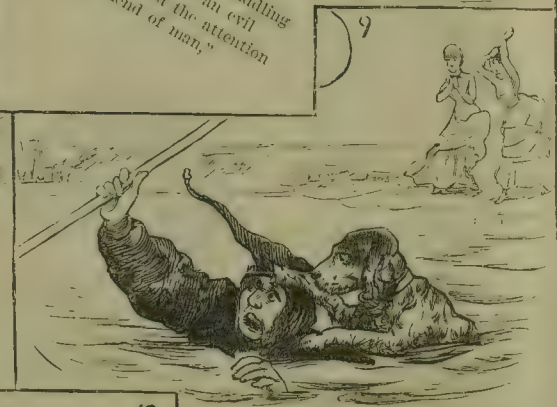
A kindly steam-launch comes to the rescue; and, after suffering agonies worthy of the Inquisition,



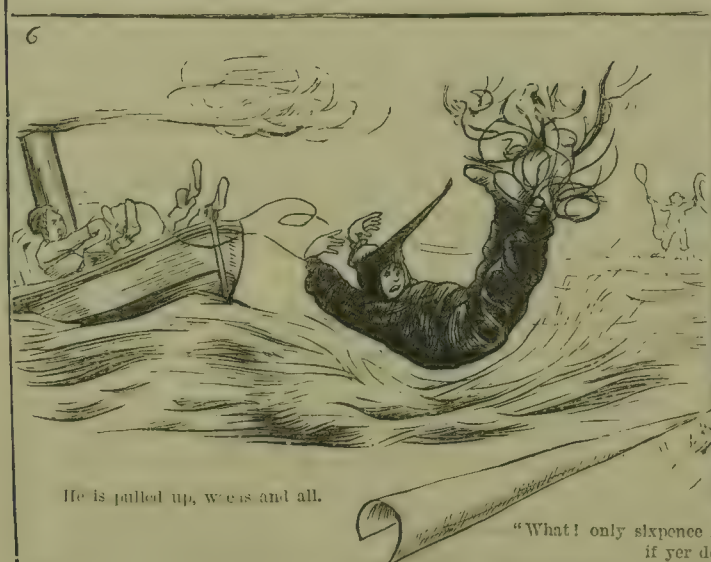
Of course, it ended in matrimony. Mrs. Smith refused point blank to wear a Boyton dress, so he has started this; only sometimes she pulls him right head over heels.



Free once more, he was paddling gaily along, when in an evil moment he attracted the attention of "a friend of man."



Who instantly proceeded to "save him."



He is pulled up, weas and all.



"What! only sixpence for finding yer paddle and life-belt? Tell yer what! if yer don't give me a bob I'll bust yer up!"



And finally dragged him ashore.

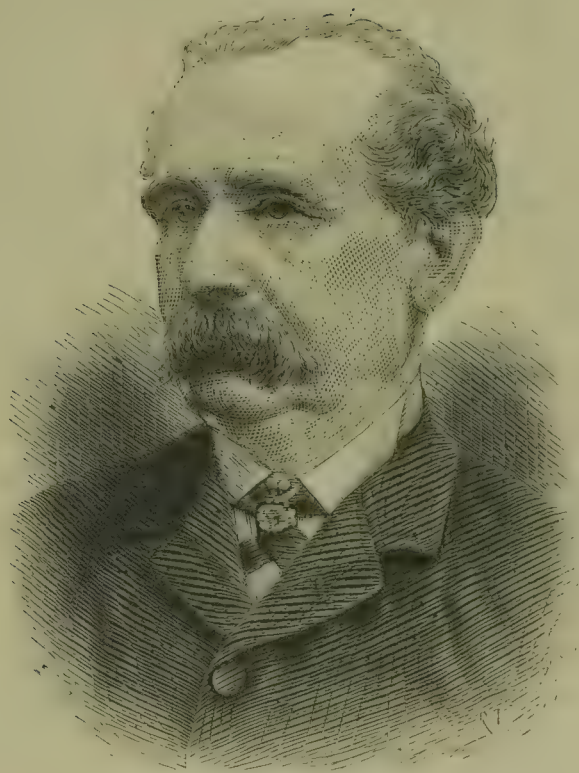


Fortunately, the two fair owners of the "Dog Fiend" happened to be members of the St. John's Ambulance Society. But, oh! what a long time it took to bring him round.

EMC



M. CHEVREUIL,
THE EMINENT FRENCH SCIENTIFIC CHEMIST, AGED ONE HUNDRED.



THE LATE DR. JAMES WAKLEY,
EDITOR OF THE "LANCET."

M. CHEVREUIL.

An interesting ceremony took place last week at Paris. An illustrious French scientific man, Michel Eugène Chevreuil, who was born at Angers on Aug. 31, 1786, received public congratulations on completing the hundredth year of his age. He was the son of a distinguished medical man, and after a preparatory training in his native town, he entered Vauquelin's laboratory in Paris. In 1813 he was appointed a Professor at the Lycée Charlemagne, and in 1824 chemist to the tapestry works at Gobelins, with especial reference to the materials employed in dyeing. His attention was in this way directed to the study of colour harmonies, a branch of science which he established upon an entirely new basis; and he also worked assiduously at the composition and relations of the several animal fats. His discoveries in this branch of inquiry proved to be of great commercial value and importance, and were acknowledged, in 1852, by the award of the prize of 12,000". In 1830 he succeeded his old master Vauquelin in the chair of applied chemistry in the Natural History Museum. During the Franco-German War he protested against the bombardment of Paris, by which many of the conservatories and out-

buildings of the Jardin des Plantes were destroyed. In 1874 he had a little dispute with the official authorities, and resigned his post as director of the Museum, still keeping his professorial chair. As M. Chevreuil has all his lifetime devoted himself to organic and applied chemistry, his works on the subject are well known. Trade has been assisted and developed by his remarkable researches, and art has been enriched by his well-known studies in dyes and colours. The last time we saw him was in London in 1862, during the International Exhibition, when he was accompanied by his friend, Ebelmen, director of the porcelain works at Sèvres, who died not long afterwards. He has received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour, has been President of the French Society of Agriculture, and is a Fellow of the Royal Society of London. His name is written indelibly in the history of the science which he has made his own; and in every country in which knowledge is esteemed it must always be held in honour. The proceedings of last week extended over three days, and comprised the presentation of addresses from the French Agricultural Society, with the unveiling of a bust of M. Chevreuil in their hall; a grand reception at the Academy of Sciences, with

formal orations; the unveiling of a statue of M. Chevreuil at the Museum of Natural History in the Jardin des Plantes, where M. Goblet, the Minister of Public Instruction, was present, with deputations from Russia, Sweden, and Italy; and a banquet at the Hôtel de Ville, where the health of the venerable centenarian was drunk, and M. Chevreuil, who has been a total abstainer from alcoholic liquors all his life, tasted for the first time a glass of champagne. There were also, at three of the Paris theatres, special performances, with the recitation of verses in honour of M. Chevreuil. The festival was a very brilliant affair, ending with a torchlight procession, in which two squadrons of cuirassiers and a body of infantry with several bands took part. Various societies, all the members carrying Chinese lanterns, also joined the procession, which marched from the Hôtel de Ville through the principal streets and boulevards to the Place de la République.

Mr. Carnegie, of New York, has offered £50,000 for the foundation of a free library in Edinburgh, on condition that the citizens adopt the Free Libraries Act, and undertake the expense of management.



BUDA, THE ANCIENT CAPITAL OF HUNGARY (BI-CENTENARY OF ITS RECAPTURE FROM THE TURKS).

THE COURT.

The Queen has telegraphed to President Cleveland her sympathy with the sufferers from the earthquake at Charleston, and the expression of her hope that the disaster would prove less calamitous than the first reports indicated; and President Cleveland has replied, thanking her Majesty for the telegram sent him, which he says will awaken deep feeling in American hearts. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught on Saturday took leave of the Queen at Balmoral, previous to their departure (on Wednesday) for India, where his Royal Highness is to assume the command of the division at Rawul Pindi, Punjab. Their children remain with the Queen. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg accompanied the Duke and Duchess to Ballater Station. Divine service was conducted at the castle on Sunday morning in the presence of the Queen and Princess Henry of Battenberg and the Royal household by the Rev. Archibald Campbell, of Crathie. Her Majesty, attended by the Hon. Ross Hood, drove to Birkhall and visited the Duchess of Albany. Prince and Princess Henry likewise drove to Birkhall. Viscount Cranbrook had the honour of dining with the Queen and Royal family.

The Prince of Wales returned to Marlborough House on Monday from the Continent, where he has been staying for three weeks. He visited the Duchess of Cambridge and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz at St. James's Palace, and dined in the evening with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Buckingham Palace. The Prince and the Duke of Connaught honoured the performance of "A Run of Luck" at Drury-Lane Theatre. Accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, the Prince visited the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday, and remained to luncheon. The Prince and the Duke of Connaught took the oaths and their seats in the House of Lords. In the evening the Prince and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught dined at the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, and afterwards walked through the buildings. The Princess of Wales, accompanied by her three daughters, arrived at Copenhagen on Sunday afternoon, on board the Dannebrog, from Lübeck. They were received by the Danish Royal family, the King of the Hellenes, and the members of the British Legation, and proceeded immediately to Bernstorff Castle.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught left Charing-cross by special train on Wednesday morning for Dover, on their way, via Calais and Brindisi, to India, in order that the Duke may take up his command at Rawul Pindia. The Prince of Wales accompanied his brother as far as Dover.

Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess, and the Duke of Teck,

and Princess Victoria dined with Lady Holland at Holland House, Kensington, last Saturday, when a distinguished party was invited to meet the Royal guests.

The Duchess Augustus of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, accompanied by her daughter, Princess Maximilian, Duchess of Bavaria, left Claridge's Hotel last Saturday for Vienna.

About a thousand troops, forming part of the intended reinforcements for India, embarked on Wednesday in the Euphrates at Portsmouth.

New colours were on Tuesday presented at Plymouth to the 2nd Battalion Royal Irish Regiment by Lady Albertha Edgecombe, daughter of Lord Mount Edgecombe. They were blessed, for the first time since the Reformation, by a Roman Catholic Chaplain to the Forces.

An improved method of applying electricity to the scalp or head for curative treatment of neuralgia, and other purposes, has been devised by Mr. George Lichtenfeld, of 93, Great Portland-street, and 79, Regent-street. Considerable ingenuity is shown in applying the small battery to various kinds of head-gear; but, of course, only experience can test its value.

It is now about thirty years or more since the vessels of the General Steam Navigation Company loaded mails and hoisted the "Post Boy" flag in the Upper Pool of the river Thames. The latest action of the postal authorities in organising the parcels mails has again brought the services of this company into requisition, and a few months since a contract was entered into between them for the carriage of those mails to Germany.

The Board of Trade return shows that during the eight months ended Aug. 31, there left the United Kingdom for places out of Europe 159,283 persons of British origin, 65,293 foreigners, and 1707 persons whose nationality was not distinguished: the total thus being 226,291. As compared with the corresponding eight months of 1885, this shows an increase of 39,003 emigrants.

Horse-racing in France has reached a point at which a full and complete history of what has now become a national sport in that country appears to be almost a necessity. No such work at present exists, unless it be kept very dark; and an attempt has been made to supply the deficiency. Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. announce a work, in one volume, entitled "Horse-racing in France. A History. By Robert Black, M.A." Of course this book will deal with the development attained by the Anglo-French thoroughbred chiefly; and from Mr. Black's thorough knowledge of his subject, and quiet humour, a complete and most interesting history may be looked for, brightened by piquant anecdotes.

THE LATE DR. WAKLEY.

Dr. James G. Wakley, editor of the *Lancet*, who died on the 30th ult., was third son of Dr. Thomas Wakley, M.P. for Finsbury, and founder of that journal, whose energetic public labours as a Radical politician, not less than in sanitary and medical reform, are well remembered by persons of middle age. James Wakley became a member of the Royal College of Surgeons of England in 1849, and graduated Doctor of Medicine at King's College, Aberdeen, in 1852. At his father's death, in 1862, he became editor of the *Lancet*, and part proprietor with his elder brother, Mr. Thomas Wakley, who survives him. Dr. James Wakley took an active part in all matters affecting medicine, both in relation to the public and to the profession. He was one of the founders of Hospital Sunday in London, and remained one of its warmest supporters. He had suffered nearly three years from the malady of which he died—cancer of the tongue. A week before his death the present and past members of his editorial staff presented him with an illuminated address expressive of sympathy and esteem. He resided at Chertsey, and was much interested in the ordinary pursuits of a country gentleman.

The second London Show of Fancy and Homing Pigeons was opened at the Albert Palace under successful conditions on Tuesday, and remained open the two following days.

The Duke of Edinburgh has dispatched her Majesty's ship Agamemnon, with surgeons, biscuits, flour, and tents, for the relief of the sufferers from the recent earthquakes in the Morea.

Sir George Elliot, M.P., on Monday laid the corner-stone of a new church now being built on the West Cliff, Whitby. The total cost of the edifice is estimated at £10,000, towards which Sir George Elliot has contributed £2000 and the site.

At the request of the Goldsmiths' Company, the Charity Commissioners have issued a scheme for the administration of the funds held by that company for benevolent purposes. They amount to nearly £12,000 per annum, besides the interest upon another capital sum of nearly £8000.

Last Sunday morning the Rev. R. J. Knowling, Chaplain of King's College, preached at Westminster Abbey. The following are the names of the preachers in the morning for the remainder of this month:—12th, the Rev. J. D. Letts, Vicar of St. Anne's, Stamford-hill; 19th, the Rev. Minor Canon Harford; 26th, the Rev. Minor Canon Cotton. The Rev. Canon Duckworth will occupy the pulpit on Sunday afternoon, being in residence for the month; and also at the ordinary afternoon services on the 21st and 29th.

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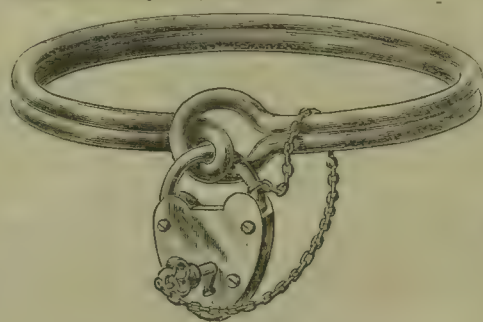
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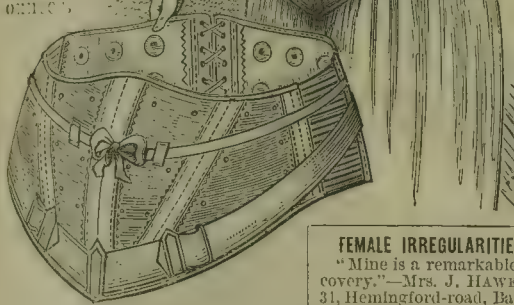
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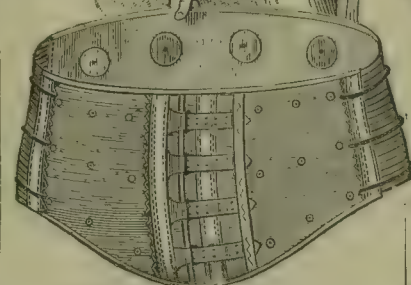
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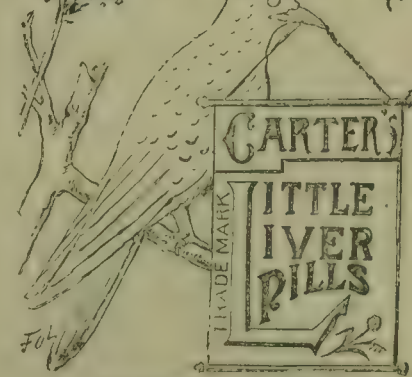
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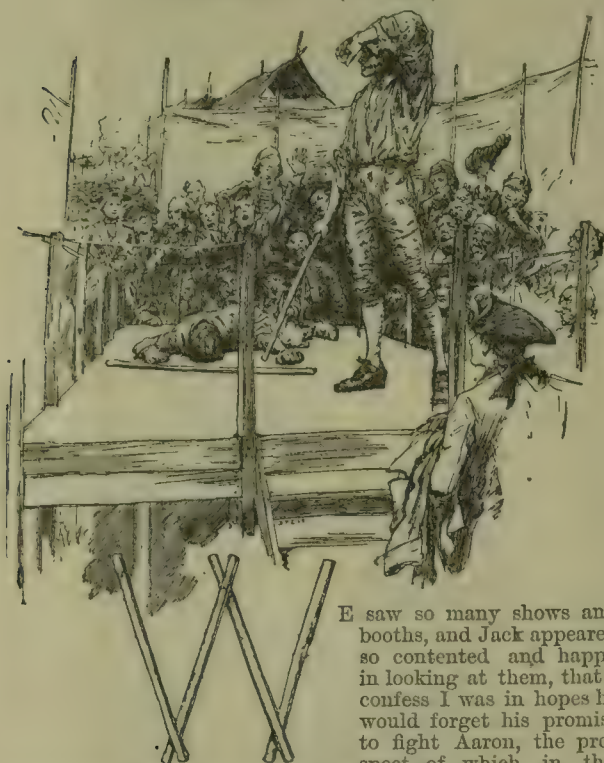
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CHAPTER XV. (Continued).



E saw so many shows and booths, and Jack appeared so contented and happy in looking at them, that I confess I was in hopes he would forget his promise to fight Aaron, the prospect of which, in this

fair, crowded with the rudest and roughest men, pleased me less every moment. But, if you please, his honour was concerned. Therefore, when the hour approached he remembered it—to be sure, one might be expected to remember a promise to meet and to fight so big a man as Aaron Fletcher—and he cast about in order to find the amphitheatre or booth where the duello was to be held. We presently found it, on the skirts of the fair, and a little retired from the noise. It proved to be nothing more than a square inclosure of canvas, fastened to upright poles, with no roof. Those who came to see the sport paid an admission fee of one penny. Within the booth there were rough benches set along the sides, and in the middle a broad stage two feet high. There was music playing as we went in, and on the stage a little girl of ten dancing very prettily and merrily. The place was filled: I knew many of the faces; those, namely, of the Deptford men, come to stand by their champion. It appeared as if they knew what was going to take place, for at the sight of the Lieutenant there were passed around looks and nods and every indication of heartfelt joy. Drawers ran about with tankards and mugs of ale, and most of the men were accommodated with pipes of tobacco. There were also some women present, and of what kind may be easily imagined. Sufficient to say that they were fit companions of the men. The people did not greatly care for the dance, which was too simple and innocent for them. When the little girl finished and jumped down from the stage, there came forward a scaramouch dressed in the Italian fashion, who played a hundred tricks, posturing and twirling his legs about as if they had been without bones or joints. But the people were impatient, and bawled for him to have done. Wherefore, he, too, retired, and then they roared for Aaron Fletcher, the Deptford men being foremost in their desire for his appearance. He leaped upon the stage, therefore, quarterstaff in hand, stripped to his shirt, and twirling his weapon over his head as if it had been a little walking-cane. Then the place became hushed, as happens when there is going to be a fight of any kind, because fighting goes to the heart of every man, and makes him serious and anxious at the beginning, but full of fury as the fight goes on. Aaron was a terrible great fellow to look at, thus stripped of his coat and standing on the stage before us all.

"I challenge the best man among ye," he said, looking at the Lieutenant, "gentleman or clown, King's officer or able seaman, for a guinea or a groat, as ye please."

Then he twirled his staff again, and walked round the stage, like a gamecock before the battle.

"Shall I give him a chance with the meaner kind first, to show his mettle and to breathe him?" said Jack. "I would be charitable."

There sprang upon the stage, from the crowd, a stout and lusty youth, not so tall as Aaron, but of good length of limb and resolute face. 'Twas the champion of Eltham, as we learned from the crowd. He was clad in a smock-frock, which he laid aside.

"I will play a bout for a crown," he said, lugging out the money, while his friends shouted.

Then they began; but, Lord! the countryman was no match for the Deptford player, and the shouting of our townsmen was loud to see the play that Aaron made, and the dexterity with which his staff, as quick as lightning, played on his adversary's head and ribs, his legs and arms. So that very soon, throwing down his staff, the fellow leaped from the stage, and would have no more.

"It was pretty," said Jack. "The rustic hath had his lesson."

Then another: this time one who had played and won at Bartholomew Fair, and now advanced with confidence, trusting to his activity and the rapidity of his attack, which were, indeed, astonishing. But, alas! his leaps and bounds were of little avail against the long reach and the heavy hand of the giant; and he fell, to rise no more.

Then the mob roared and shouted again.

"This fellow is soon satisfied," said Jack. "It is my turn now."

He laughed, and took off coat, waistcoat, and hat; giving them to me for safety. Thus reduced to his shirt, he stepped forward and mounted the stage, the crowd being overjoyed and beyond themselves in the anticipation of a fight between their champion and a gentleman in laced ruffles, white silk stockings, and powdered hair. Certainly, nothing so good as this had ever before been seen at the fair.

Then I became aware of a strange thing. There stood within the door—not sitting down, but standing—just within the folds of the canvas, no other than Bess Westmoreland and her father. Who would have thought to see the Penman at Horn Fair? Nothing could be more out of place than this pair among the waterside men and the ruffians in the booth. Bess

stood upright, holding her father's hand, not for her own protection but to assure him of his safety, while he, stooping and round-shouldered, looked about him as if fearing violence of some kind. I now perceived that Bess was come for no other purpose than to see this fight—to be sure, it was arranged beforehand, and there was no reason why she should not hear of it from Aaron; but I had not thought Bess would have come to such a place to see such a sight. I declare I had not the least suspicion of the truth, so carefully had the lovers kept their secret. Bess took no notice at all of the rabble, her eyes fixed upon the stage as if the people were not even present; no great lady waiting at the door of the theatre for her chair could look more proudly upon the common herd—the link-boys, chairmen, and lookers on—as if they were beneath her notice. Her lips were set, and her brow contracted, and her cheek was pale; but I knew not the cause, unless it were from terror at the approaching battle. Yet why did she come to see it?

She came, as I learned soon afterwards, confident in her lover's triumph, and anxious to increase the discomfiture of his adversary, and her rejected suitor. Since that day I have ceased to wonder why the Roman ladies and matrons took pleasure in witnessing the fights of gladiators, and why in the days of tournaments gentle ladies went to see their lovers tilt. The joy of battle, I am sure, is as great in the heart of woman as in that of man. Certainly, no one in the crowd watched the combat with more eagerness and interest than did Bess, whose eyes flashed, lips parted, and bosom heaved with the passion of the fight. As for her father, in the hush before the battle began, I heard him exclaim, "It is the Lieutenant and Aaron! Oh! dear! . . . dear! they will do each other some grievous harm. Bess, ask them to desist. Is it for this you brought me here, wilful girl? Grievous bodily hurt they will do to each other."

No one paid any heed to that poor man. Even the drawers ceased to run about with tankards, and no man called for drink.

Jack took the quarterstaff, which had already been used twice ineffectually, poised it in his hands, and turned a smiling face to his adversary.

"I have kept my promise, Aaron," he said; but this the mob did not hear. "We will fight for that shilling. Bess is in the doorway, looking on. It seems as if we were fighting for more than a shilling, does it not?"

Aaron made no reply in words, but he laughed aloud. Perhaps he remembered how, seven years before, when last he fought with Jack, Bess was looking on at his defeat. This time he was confident in his strength. She was come again, looking to see him worsted. She should be disappointed.

There was no lack of courage about the man. Courage he had, and plenty. He was a good three inches taller than his adversary, which at quarterstaff gives a great advantage; he was quick of eye and of fence; he was heavier and stronger; and his two first combats had scarcely breathed him. On the other hand, he was opposed to a man who for six years and more had led the hardest life possible, with no indulgences—wine, beer, tobacco, indolence, or anything to soften his muscles or dim the eye. Now Aaron, as everybody knew, was fond of a glass; and, though no sot, once a week or so was drunk. And he had already begun to put on flesh. As they stood, face to face, one might have gone a hundred miles and never seen so fine a couple.

And then, at tap of drum, the fight began, and for awhile everybody was mute.

Jack, I perceived, was resolved at first to stand on the defensive, for two reasons. First, because his enemy showed wrath in his scowling eyes, and therefore would, perhaps, spend his breath and strength in furious onslaught. Next, because, as he told me afterwards, it was not until he held the weapon in his hands that he remembered he had not played for four years and more. One would think he might have remembered so important a fact before. It is an admirable custom in some ships for the crew, both officers and men, to amuse themselves daily at quarterstaff, singlestick, and boxing; but Jack had been out of a ship for four years. Still, if his hand was a little out, his eye was true. Aaron's game was twofold. First, he would beat down and overpower his man by superior strength and advantage in reach; and secondly, by feints and leaps, shifting his ground, and changing the length of his weapon, by coming to close quarters and then retreating, to cheat his adversary's eye and disconcert him even for a single moment, when he would deal him a decisive stroke. This was a very good design, and hath often served. But Jack was not to be so caught. No man at quarterstaff, however strong, can beat down an adversary who has learnt the art of parry, which is more than half the battle; no man, however quick and active, can disconcert an enemy who knows how to follow his eyes steadily. Jack, therefore, lost no ground and was never touched, so that, though he delivered no stroke, the ease with which he met Aaron's blows presently caused the spectators to roar with admiration. In all kinds of fighting there are two first principles, or rules, to be carefully learned. The first of these is never to lose sight of your enemy's eye, and the next is never to lose your temper. A third is to know how to strike when the occasion comes. If a man at this rough game chance to lose his temper, he loses the game. This is what Aaron did. It maddened him that he could not strike his enemy, and it maddened him still more to hear the roars of the people at the dexterity which defeated him. Moreover, he knew that Bess was looking on; therefore he became more furious, and delivered his blows more rapidly, but with less precision. "Don't fight wild, Aaron!" shouted his friends, but too late; while the fellows in the booth began to jeer and laugh at him, asking why he did not strike his man, with a "Now, Aaron! now's your turn! Hit him on the head. There's a brave stroke missed!" and so on, foreseeing that if the Lieutenant could only keep cool, and wait for his chance, the victory would be his.

Jack told me afterwards that, while they played, the old skill came back to him, and his confidence; so that he could afford to play with his man and bide his time, receiving all the blows, whether at full length, half length, or close quarters, with patience and good temper.

This strange duel, in which one man struck and the other only parried, lasted long: inasmuch, that the spectators left off shouting, and looked on with open mouths. It lasted so long that Aaron was now raging and foaming, breathing heavily, and plunging as he struck with the staff. As for me, I wondered why Jack did not strike. He had his reason: he wished to strike but once, and therefore he waited. At last the chance came. Aaron left his head exposed, and then, with a thud which might have been heard outside the booth, the Lieutenant's staff resounded on the side of his enemy's head, and Aaron fell prone upon the stage—senseless.

It is said that, when a gentleman fights a common fellow, the mob is always pleased that the gentleman shall be victorious. I know not if this be true, but I know that the fellows in the booth rose as one man, even the Deptford men, and cheered the victor to the sky.

Jack stepped from the stage, a little heated by the fight, and put on his coat, waistcoat, and hat.

"Aaron is a very pretty player," he said, "but he should

not have challenged me until he was in better condition. There were half a dozen poor fellows aboard the Countess of Dorset who would have beaten him. Here, my lads!"—he now became again an officer—"Aaron is a Deptford man, like me. Take care of him, and spend this guinea in drinking the King's health."

So the fellows tossed their greasy caps in the air, and the tapsters tied their apron-strings tighter, and began to run about with tankards and mugs while the guinea was drinking out, and Jack strode down the booth, the men making a lane for him, and crying, "Huzza! for the noble Captain!" Meanwhile, no one took any notice of the fallen champion, who presently recovered some of his senses, and sat up, staring about him with distracted eyes.

"Why, Mr. Westmoreland," said Jack, at the door, as if he had not seen him before, "you at Horn Fair? I might as soon have expected to see you at Vauxhall."

"Nay, Sir, your Honour knows I value not such merriment. But Bess would bring me here. 'Tis a wilful girl. Nothing would serve her but she must see the humours of the fair. Girls still crave for mirth."

"You ought to be at home among your books, Mr. Westmoreland. Go home. Luke will walk with you, and I will take care of Bess—good care, good care—and bring her safe home, after she has seen the fair. Come, Bess, will you see the wild beasts, or the slack-rope dancers? Take him home, Luke; take him home."

So saying, he seized Bess by the hand, and drew her away, leaving the old man, her father, with me. I observed that, though Bess cried "Oh!" and "Pray, Lieutenant," and "Don't, Lieutenant," and "Fie, Lieutenant," she laughed, and took his hand without any reluctance, but rather a visible satisfaction, because she had certainly got the properest man in all the fair.

"The Lieutenant," said Mr. Westmoreland, "is strong enough to protect any girl—though, as for Bess, Mr. Luke, she is strong enough to protect herself. Nevertheless"—he broke off and sighed—"nevertheless, a motherless girl is a great charge for a peaceful man, especially when she is strong and determined, like my Bess. What am I to do, Sir? I cannot whip and flog her; I cannot lay my commands upon her if she doth not choose to obey me. I cannot make her marry if she still says nay. And the men, they are afraid of her pride and wilfulness. Such a headstrong girl will never make an obedient wife."

"It is a situation, Mr. Westmoreland," I said, "full of danger."

"What is worse, Mr. Luke," he went on, "what is worse is that she scorns the man Aaron Fletcher himself—a substantial man, though they do say he knows the coast of France. Yet he would cheerfully take the risk of her masterful temper and her wilful ways, if she would but say him yea."

"Why, Mr. Westmoreland, as for that, I am sure there are plenty of men ready to be fired by such charms as your daughter Bess possesses."

He shook his head.

"Charms? I know not what they are. Black hair and black eyes may please some, but I know not whom. Let us go from this wicked and riotous place, Mr. Luke. Peaceful men have no place here. The Lieutenant will bring her home; though, more likely than not, they will quarrel on the way, both of them being masterful, and Bess will have to find her way back without him. Yet she ought to be proud of the honour he hath done her, and perhaps she will be meek for once, and behave pretty."

So we turned and made our way out of the throng, and so home.

"I am sorry," said Mr. Westmoreland presently, "I am very sorry that Mr. Easterbrook hath fought and vanquished Aaron Fletcher. I would rather have seen Aaron the conqueror."

"Why?"

"Because Aaron is a cruel and a vindictive man. He was bragging among his friends of the sport they would witness at the fair, and he has been humiliated. Now he will have his revenge, if he can, for the disgrace put upon him in the presence of his friends; and Bess hath been at the fair with the Lieutenant, and I know not what will happen. He is a revengeful man, Mr. Luke; and, unhappily, he is in love with Bess, and wants to marry her, a thing that, with my experience, I cannot understand. Well—it is a terrible thing, a terrible thing, for a peaceful man like me to have such a daughter. A humble man should pray for ugly daughters, who are also meek and obedient. They may wait for their beauty till they get to Heaven. I want nothing but peace, Mr. Luke, so that I may continue my studies in algebra and logarithms, for which end, and no other, unless it be the furtherance of goodly writing, I was sent into this troubled world."

The next day I learned from Jack that he had taken Bess to every show at the fair; that he had given her as noble a supper as the place afforded; that he had fought and overthrown three fellows who waylaid them on the road home, and would have robbed him of his money as well as his fair charge; and that he safely convoyed her, about midnight, to her father's door. The Admiral heard of the evening's adventure, and laughed, saying that Bess was a lucky girl to get such a proper fellow to show her the fair. But I do not think that either Jack or the Admiral related the story of the fight, and the subsequent doings, to Madame and Castilla.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

I am a dull person in suspecting or guessing at passages of love. Yet I had seen Bess dragging her father to Horn Fair in order to witness the fight, and I marked the flash of triumph in her eyes when Aaron fell, and the unconcealed pleasure with which she accompanied the victor.

On Sunday morning, a day or two after the fair, another thing happened which ought to have made me suspect. It was in church. Soon after the service of Morning Prayer began, I observed an unwonted agitation among the feminine part of the congregation, and presently discovered that the eyes of all were, with one consent, directed upon a certain seat in the north aisle, occupied by Bess Westmoreland and her father. The reason of this phenomenon was that Bess had come to church attired in a very fine new frock made of nothing less than sarsnet, with a flowered petticoat, a lawn kerchief about her neck, and a hat trimmed with silk ribbons, so that among the women around her in their scarlet flannel, and the girls in their plain camblet, linsey woolsey, and russet, she looked like a rose among the weeds of the hedge. Few of the gentlewomen in the church were more finely dressed. As to them, their eyes plainly said, if eyes can speak, "Saw one ever such presumption?" And as for the baser sort, they first gazed with admiration and envy unspeakable, and then sniffed and tossed their heads, as if nothing would have induced them to put on such fine things: and then they looked at each other, each with the same question trembling on her tongue, each one longing to ask aloud, "Who gave her the things?" For there is some strange quality in the female conscience (I mean only in a seaport town), which enables every girl to accept joyfully and gratefully whatever a man may give her,

and at the same time to flout and scorn all other girls for doing the same thing; so that what is a virtue in herself must be a clear sign of immodesty or forwardness in another.

One would not deny that the girl was worthy of blame; for, though there are no longer sumptuary laws, yet every woman knows how far she may in decency, and with due regard to her station, carry her love of finery. Bess, however, wore these things not of her own will, but by desire (say, rather, command) of a certain person. There is, again, nothing strange in a Deptford girl suddenly appearing in the colours of a rainbow, especially after a ship has been paid off, though of very soon the silks and satins go to the Jews who buy second-hand clothes, together with the trinkets and the ribbons; and Madame returns to her russet frock, her blue apron, and her speckled handkerchief. But this, which is of daily occurrence among the common sailors' wives, one would not expect of a respectable girl, such as Bess. It is quite certain, and one must not excuse her conduct, that she should not have ventured to church thus attired. Yet I, for one, was ready to forgive her, first because she looked so marvellously beautiful in these fine feathers, and next because she bravely bore the artillery of these eyes and held herself tall and upright, looking straight before her, as if no one was gazing at her, and as if she wore what belonged to her. Women are your true levellers: they have no respect for rank; even a Peer is but a man to them, and a Countess is but a woman; they are ready to measure their own beauty beside that of any lady in the land; there is no girl, however lowly, who would refuse, for conscience sake, the honourable attentions of a gentleman; and the silly creatures, I am told, whisper continually to each other tales of humble girls raised to the condition of Princesses.

There was another person in the church, besides myself, who seemed as if leniency and readiness to forgive this presumption possessed his heart as well. This was the Lieutenant, who, from his place in the Admiral's pew (the corner nearest the reading-desk, with his back to the altar), regarded the girl steadfastly during the whole service, inasmuch that I feared lest Madame or Castilla herself should observe it, and be offended at so indecent a proof of admiration in Divine service. But Castilla did not discover it, partly because she hath never been able to understand how a gentleman can regard a common girl with admiration (she still considers that Jack's passion for Bess was caused by the sorcery and craft of Mr. Brinjes), and, therefore, was not likely to suspect such a thing; and partly because Castilla's eyes in church were always fixed upon her book, as she followed the words of the service, or they were humbly dropped upon her lap during the sermon, as if she closely followed the argument, and was being convinced by my father's reasoning. Now, as hath been already explained, the Vicar's sermons were written for the perusal of scholars rather than for the understanding of the unlearned.

The service over, we walked out in due order, and so by the gate into Church-lane, as we had done on that day, three weeks before, when our prodigal came home to us in rags. And then, after a little talk, we separated, Jack going with the Admiral's party, and I returning to the Vicarage to dinner.

After dinner, the afternoon being warm and sunny, I took my hat, and walked leisurely towards those gardens of which I have already spoken, where were the orchards of plum, pear, apple, and cherry, and where the old summer-house overlooked the Creek. It would be, I thought, pleasant in the gardens with no one but myself, and I could walk about among the trees, watching the grey lichen on the bark and the sober tints of the autumnal leaves, and perhaps find, in the view of the Greenwich Reach, something new to observe and note. One whose profession is to paint ships of all kinds can never grow weary of watching them, whether at anchor or in motion; just as one who paints figures loves to be for ever contemplating the human figure, whether in action or in repose.

The air was still and soft, the day warm, although it was already the twentieth day of October. The fruit was all picked now, and the leaves beginning to dry at their stalks: because the leaves of apple, plum, and cherry do not turn brown, but drop off while they are yet green; yet the green is quite another hue than that presented in spring and summer, and I wonder that no painter has painted the greens of autumn, as well as the yellow, red, and brown. I have myself attempted a sketch, in April, showing parts of that long stretch of garden all the way from these gardens to Greenwich Hospital, which at that season look like a vast cloud of white and pink blossom resting on the green branches which here and there peep out.

This afternoon the tide was high. There was moored close to the mouth of the Creek, and on the opposite bank, a barge, which, with its brown sail lowered, its thick mast, and its hanging ropes, formed so pretty a set-off to the trees of the orchard beyond, that I stood awhile to gaze upon it. I have drawn many barges; below the bridge at Wapping Stairs, and in Chelsea Reach and in other places, but I never drew any prettier picture than that of the barge in the Creek at high tide, the woods behind it: only, as artists can, I made a change. For I presently sketched the barge, and waited until the following spring, when I painted a background of apple and cherry orchards in blossom.

Well; when I had looked at my barge and made a note of it, and of one or two other things, being in a leisurely mood, and quite certain that I was alone in the garden, I lifted the latch of the summer-house door and walked in.

I declare that I suspected nothing. If I had known who were in the place I should have beat a drum, or blown a trumpet, or fired a cannon to announce my approach, sooner than steal thus unawares upon them. But I did nothing; and pushed the door open without ceremony. Heavens! There was Bess Westmoreland, her head upon Jack's shoulder, while his hand clasped her waist and his lips kissed her cheek! Who would have suspected this? I was so surprised that I stood speechless, I dare say with mouth wide open, as one sees on the stage, where gestures of all kinds are exaggerated. Yet not so amazed but I saw what a pretty picture they made, he in his blue coat and crimson sash and his hat with the King's cockade: she in the pretty frock for which the women were now railing at her behind her back. A young man and a beautiful girl embracing cannot but make a pretty picture. As for this, I made a sketch in oils six months later. Bess stood to me for her portrait very willingly when I promised that the picture should be given to her sweetheart when he should return. As for the Lieutenant, I got a fellow, for a shilling or two, to stand in the attitude I wanted, while the face I drew from memory, with the assistance of Bess. I painted them in the summer-house, and through the window you can see a ship slowly going down the river. For a reason, which you will presently learn, I never gave that picture to Jack; and, for my own reason, I have not sold it, but keep it hung up at home in my studio, though Castilla loves it not, and will never, if she can help it, look upon it—perhaps because the picture renders scant justice to the beauty of Bess, whose flushed cheeks, parted lips, and heaving bosom I endeavoured, but perhaps with insufficient success, to portray upon the canvas. Nor, I am aware, is justice done to the passion expressed in the lover's eyes, in his bending head—nay, even in the arms with which he held the nymph to his heart.

"Zounds!" cried Jack, as Bess screamed and started, and

pushed him back, and sunk upon the bench, her face in her hands. "Zounds and fury!" He stepped forward, his fists clenched, fire and distraction in his eyes. He was so carried away with his wrath that he did not at first even recognise me, and made as if he would draw his sword and make an end of me.

"Why, Jack," I cried, "I knew not thou wert here! How should I know?"

Upon this he let fly a round dozen or so of sailors' oaths, such as may be heard in Flagon-row or Anchorsmith-alley, sound and weighty oaths, every one more profane than its predecessor. The language of the fo'k'sle is, we know, readily and greedily acquired by every officer, and is too often adopted as his own to the end of his days.

"I knew not, Jack, indeed," I repeated, "that anyone was here. What? Should I spy on your actions? As for what I have seen"—

"Let me go, Jack!" cried Bess; "oh, let me go! He will tell my father, who will send me away for a servant. And perhaps he will tell Aaron, who would murder you, if he could, without being hanged! Oh, Jack! what shall I do?"

"I shall tell no one, Bess," I said. "Why, it is no business of mine to go repeating what I have seen accidentally. Am I the town barber?"

Jack looked doubtfully; then he laughed.

"Cheer up, Bess," he said; "no harm is done. Luke will never betray an old friend. He came here to draw the ships, which is all he thinks about. He will go away, and he will forget all about it."

"Nay," I said; "I shall not forget. But I shall hold my tongue."

"I won't trust no one—only you, Jack," said the girl.

"Hark ye, Luke," Jack drew her closer to himself, and laid his arm round her neck. "Hark ye, lad. Thou hast discovered what was not meant for thee—nor for anyone—to know. That signifies nothing for a lad of honour. But for Bess's sake, swear it. Take an oath upon it."

"I swear, Bess," I declared to her, "that I will speak no single word of what I have seen and learned. If there were a Bible here, I would kiss the book to please you. You may trust me, Bess."

"You may, indeed, Bess," said Jack. "Hands upon it, lad."

So we shook hands, and in all that followed afterwards I told nobody what had happened; and the thing was so managed that it was never suspected by anyone except Aaron. It seems wonderful that no one in Deptford found it out, because it is a place where one half the women are continually employed in watching and spying upon the other half, and find their chief happiness in detecting things which it was desired to keep secret, forgetting that others are employed in exactly the same inquiry after their secrets. Just so one hath observed a row of monkeys in cages each thieving from one neighbour's dish, while the other steals from his.

"Trust all or none, Luke," said Jack. "Thou shalt know all, and be a witness between us. Listen. I have told Bess that I love her, and that when I come home again I will marry her. If I had not fallen in love with so much beauty and loveliness I should have been a most insensate wretch, unworthy to be called a man. Was there ever a more charming nymph?" He kissed her again, while her great eyes swam with the pleasure of so much praise. "Thou shalt paint her for me, Luke. And as for Bess, she says that she loves me. I believe she lies, because how such a girl, so soft and tender, can love a rough sea-bear like me, who knows none of the ways to please a woman, passes understanding. But she says she does, and I will question her farther upon this point when thy great ugly phiz is no more blocking up the gangway. And she will not believe that I am in earnest, Luke. That is my trouble with her. She will have that I shall go away and forget her, as many sailors do."

"So he will," said Bess. "They all go away and forget the girls who loved them. And then I shall break my heart and die; if I don't I shall hang myself."

"So, Luke, listen and be a witness. What do I care who her father is? Such a girl deserves to be the daughter of a Commodore. Talk not to me of gentlewomen born. Where is there any woman, gentle or simple, with such eyes as Bess, such lips as Bess, such hair as Bess?" I declare he kept kissing her at each sentence, she making no manner of resistance. "So I will swear to her, in thy presence, Luke, to make it more solemn, and to make her believe my word. I, Jack Easterbrook," he took her hand at this point, as if he was actually marrying her in church, and by the minister or priest. "I, Jack Easterbrook, do solemnly promise and vow that I will never make love to any other woman and never marry any other woman than Bess Westmoreland; and that I will never think of any other woman at home or in foreign parts. First, I must get commissioned; and then, when the war is over, I will come back and marry my Bess. Kiss me again, girl. This is my solemn promise and oath, in which I will not fail, SO HELP ME, GOD!"

I have often, since that day, wondered at the amazing force of the passion which could make so young a man call down upon himself the awful vengeance of offended Omnipotence if he broke a vow of constancy towards a girl he had seen but twice or thrice; for I count as nothing the time when she was a child, and he came to her father for lessons.

As he spoke the last words, his eyes grew dim with tenderness, and he stooped and kissed the girl on her forehead, as if to seal and consecrate the vow. As for her, she was transfigured. I could not believe that love could so powerfully change a woman's face. She had reason for triumph; but it was not triumph in her eyes; rather was it a kind of humble pride—a wondering joy that so gallant a man should love her, with a doubt whether it was not, after all, a passing fancy, and a fear that she should not fix his affections.

"Oh!" she sighed. "Oh! Jack!" and could find no more words.

"Bess," I said, "vows ought not to be all on one side. If Jack promises so much, what hast thou to promise, in thy turn?"

"Tell me what to say. Oh! I am only a poor girl! What can I promise him? I am so ignorant that I do not know what to promise. Jack, do you want me to say that I will be faithful? No—you cannot. Why, is there any man in the world to compare with you? If a woman cannot be true and constant to you, she cannot be true to any man. As for the rest of them, I value not one of them a brass farthing. Oh!" she laughed and clasped her hands. "Why, I am content to be his slave, Luke—yes, his slave, to toil and work for him all day long—his slave—his servant!" She fell on her knees before him. "Oh! Jack, command me what you please. I want nothing more than to obey your orders."

Wonderful it was how love made this ignorant and wilful girl at once eloquent and humble. Jack lifted her up, and held her by both hands.

"You are a King's officer, Jack," she went on, speaking rapidly; "I must try so that you shall not be ashamed of your wife. I am but the daughter of a Penman, I know. He writes letters for sailors, and teaches mathematics to midshipmen and young sailor officers, if there are any. But I have time to learn, and I will find out how to bear myself like a gentlewoman, and to talk like one, and to dress myself as a

gentleman's wife ought to dress herself. I will make my father teach me to read and to write, and as for manners—I will go to Mr. Brinjes. He will do anything in the world for you, Jack, and for the woman of your choice."

One could not choose but laugh at thinking of Mr. Brinjes as a teacher of polite manners and conversation. He had learned the most approved fashion, no doubt, among the Mandingoes and the Coromantyns. Yet the earnest and serious manner in which the girl spoke, made the matter moving. However, enough was said, and I offered to go, but she caught me by the hand.

"Stay, Luke!" she whispered. "Jack, some of you break your vows; but you will not, Jack—you will not? As for me, I need not promise: for I cannot choose but be true to mine." She laid her head upon his breast, and I left then, shutting the door behind me, and going very softly.

In the evening I saw Jack again.

"Luke," he said, "I am the happiest man in the world, because I have got the best girl in the world. What do I care that her father is but a Penman? What does it signify that she cannot read or write? Reading does no good to any girl that ever I heard of, but fill her head with fond desires. But one thing sticks: when I am away, who will keep the men from her? There is Aaron Fletcher—him I knocked on the head; I wish I had beaten out his brains for him. They tell me he is mad for love of her, though she would never say a word to him. I doubt I may have to fight him again before I go. To be sure, Mr. Brinjes promises to protect her; but he is old and feeble."

"Why," I said, "he will protect her by the fear with which he is regarded. One must needs respect a man who can scatter rheumatics among those who offend him."

However, I presently promised him that, in his absence, I would sometimes visit the girl, and comfort her, and keep up her heart; although, if it came to a fight with Aaron, he was able to work me to an anvil, as they say, with fist or cudgel.

Then I begged him to consider seriously what he was about to do. First, that he was a gentleman by birth and rank, who might look to marry a gentlewoman; next, that he had no fortune, and as yet no prize-money, and only a Lieutenant's half-pay; and lastly, that if he married, he was likely to lose the Admiral's favour.

"Truly," he replied, "I have considered all these things."

I don't believe that he had considered one of them before that moment. "And I am resolved that there is no other happiness but in marrying Bess. As for duty, it points the same way, because I am promised to her. When duty and inclination point the same way, my lad, what room is there left for doubt? Answer me that. Why, if I lived a thousand years, I should never love any other woman as I love my Bess. What puzzles me," he went on, "is why the landmen haven't fallen in love with her long ago. None of your mincing, mealy-mouthed, fine ladies, all patches and powder, made up so that you know not what they are like, with hoop and petticoat; but an honest lass, true and loyal—you can see what she is like, for she wears neither hoop nor powder; and she tells no lies, and you know her mind directly she speaks. That is the girl for me, Luke. Hang me if I understand why she wasn't, long ago, the girl for you."

"Fortunately for me," I said, "your inclinations and mine are not set on the same woman."

"Why, if I had been in your place, Luke, I would have carried off the girl, if I could have got her in no other way. If she were to change her mind now, and to refuse me, I would carry her off, whether she liked it or not. There would be a prize to tow into port, and all for myself, Luke—all for myself!"

(To be continued.)

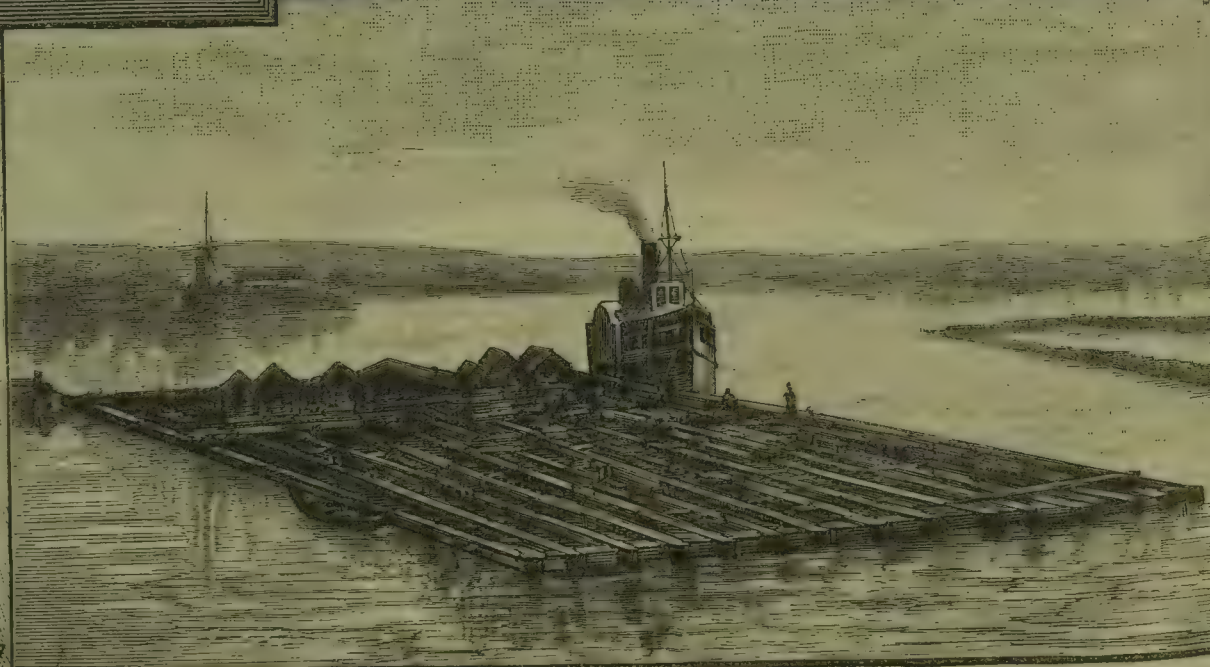
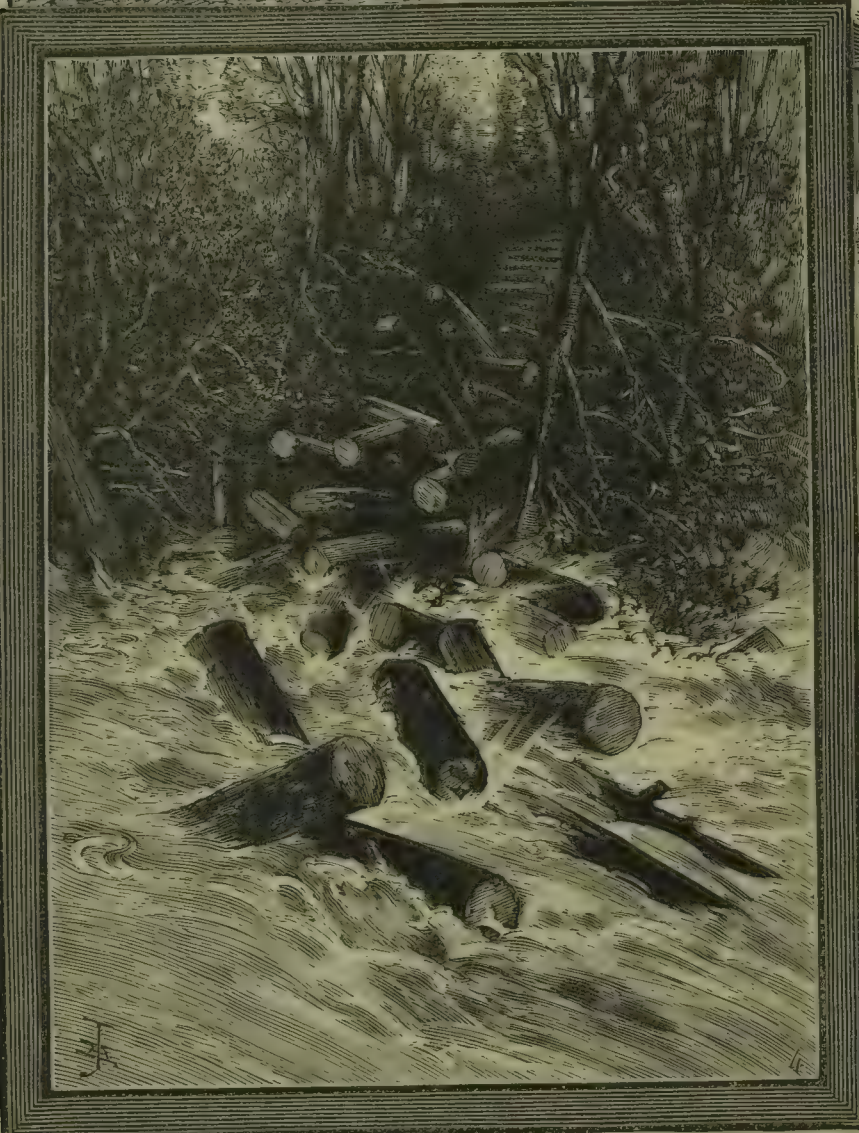
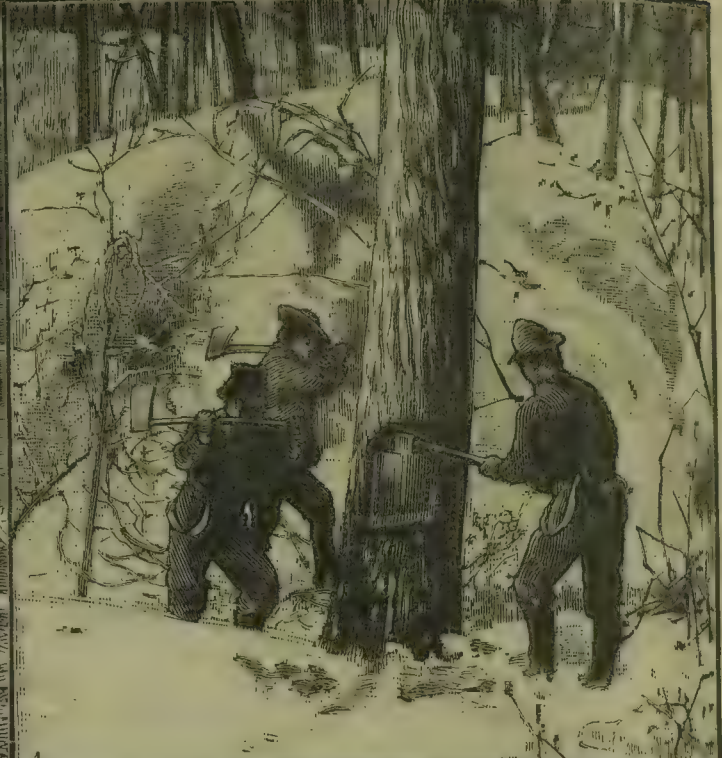
Of the thirteen Royal Exhibitions and National Scholarships awarded by the Science and Art Department of South Kensington, three have been won by London competitors, all of whom were students of the Science Department of the St. Thomas Charterhouse Schools.

The Severn Tunnel, which, with its connecting lines and necessary details, has cost the Great Western Railway Company about £2,000,000 sterling, and has been in construction between thirteen and fourteen years, was opened for goods traffic last week. The passenger traffic will be delayed for a couple of months, owing to the heavy work on some portion of the connecting lines on the Gloucestershire side of the Severn.

An American authoress, Miss Marie A. Brown, has just written a book entitled "Honour to Whom Honour is Due: the Norse Discoverers of America"; and she has proposed to the committee of the American Exhibition, to be held in London next summer, to have an exhibit there commemorative of the Norse discovery of America. This would consist of all the works confirming the fact, by Alex. von Humboldt, T. Carlyle, C. C. Rafn, W. C. Bryant, and other noted authors, and of models of the dwellings, ships, burial-places, &c., of the Viking period.

The American angler, while confessing that he is indebted to England for the art of fly-fishing, insists that in all that relates to the mechanics of the sport (hooks excepted) he can teach us a good deal. So, at least, we gather from Henry P. Wells, in his *American Salmon Fisherman*, just published by Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington; and there is some reason for the assumption. The author's previous work, the most exhaustive treatise ever published on the making of fly-rods and fly-tackle, was warrant at once for his knowledge and enthusiasm in the sport of angling. It also gave evidence of a very practical turn of mind, which suited the subject then discussed. In the present case this trait is somewhat of a fault. Whatever a writer on salmon-fishing may be, he has no business to be prosy. He should give his reader the sound of cascades, the swirl of the current round the polished boulder, the gleam of sunshine athwart the turbulent pool, or the frown of the raincloud upon the fierce rapid. Something of the spirit of the scenery of land and water should be infused. Of all this Mr. Wells offers nothing. He is intensely practical, and full of details and dogmatism about ferns, splices, hooks, winches, and lines. From this point of view "The American Salmon Fisherman" is thorough and original, and, as the mature experience of a master who thinks for himself, may be heartily recommended. Orthodox British salmon anglers may not agree with many of the propositions laid down; will probably be horrified at the ridicule cast upon our simple faith in a spliced rod; and will resent to the death the insinuation that a 15-ft. implement is all-sufficient, and that anything more is Old-World Toryism, to be flouted by modern progress. Still, there are many hints worth careful consideration. Even in the New World we find that salmon-fishing is mostly a question of leisure, and dollars and cents—especially the latter: and the English reader will, after all, put aside the instructive treatise of Mr. Wells with the firmly-grounded belief that there is no better salmon-fishing anywhere than that of the best rivers of the British Islands when they are in good ply, and the nets have been taken off for the season.

COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.



1. Felling Timber.
2. Lumbermen's Camp.

3. Timber Sledge.
4. A Roll-way.

5. Crib of Timber, running on a Timber-slide at Ottawa.
6. Timber-raft on the St. Lawrence.

7. A Gallery Road.

COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.



TOBOGGANING IN CANADA: THE PARK SLIDE AT MONTREAL.

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IT is the BEST PREVENTIVE of, and CURE for, BILIOUSNESS, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Giddiness, Fevers, Blood Poisons, Feverishness or Feverish Colds, Mental Depression, Want of Appetite, Constipation, Vomiting, Thirst, &c., and to remove the effects of errors in Eating and Drinking. It is invaluable to those who are Fagged, Worn, or Worn Out, or anyone whose duties require them to undergo Mental or Unnatural Excitement or Strain; it keeps the Blood pure, and prevents disastrous diseases by natural means.

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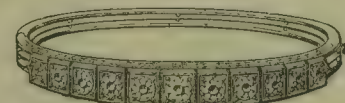
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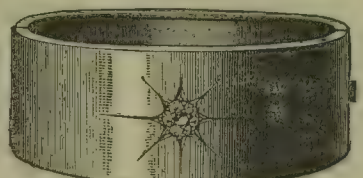
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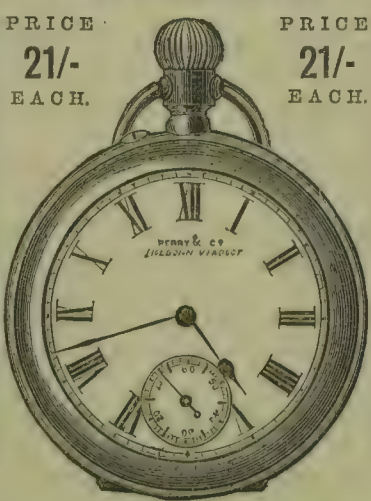
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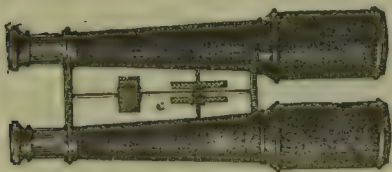
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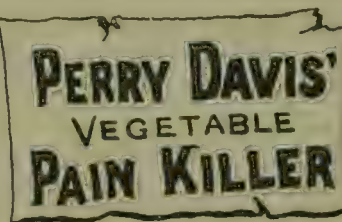
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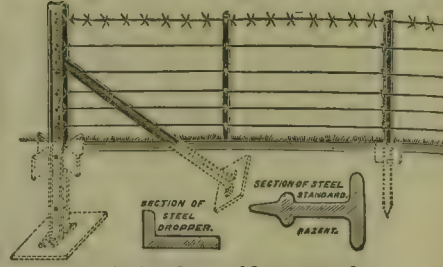


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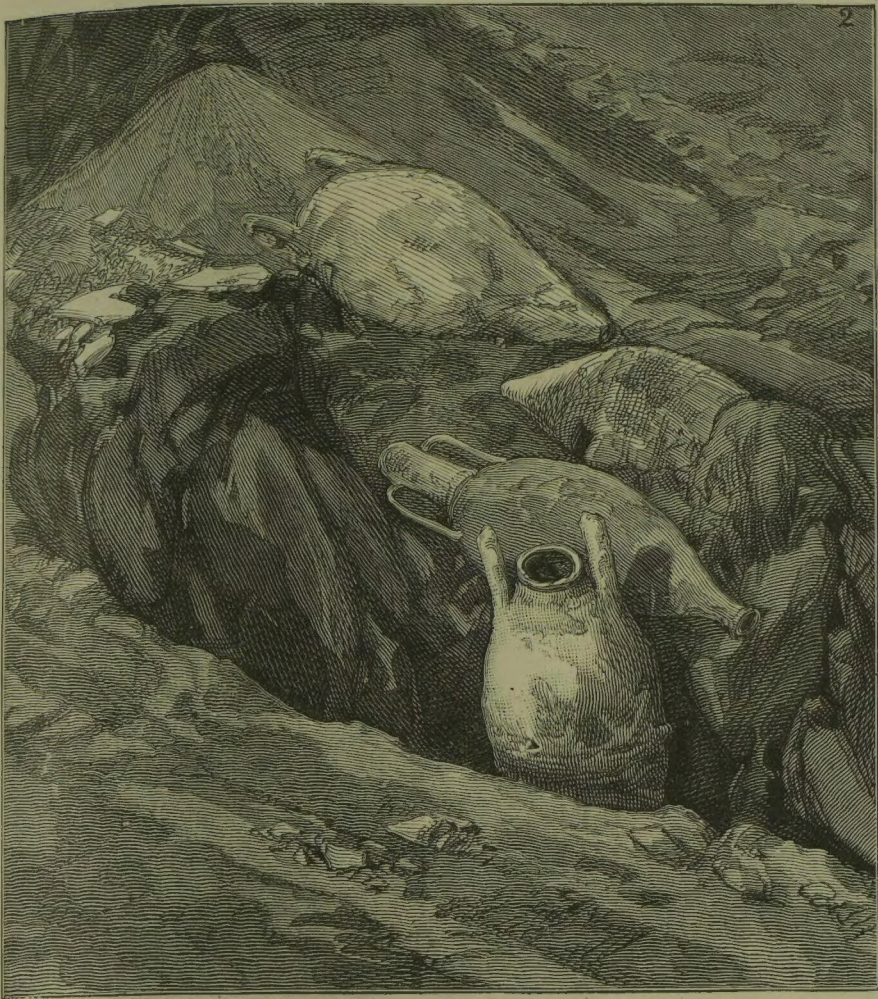
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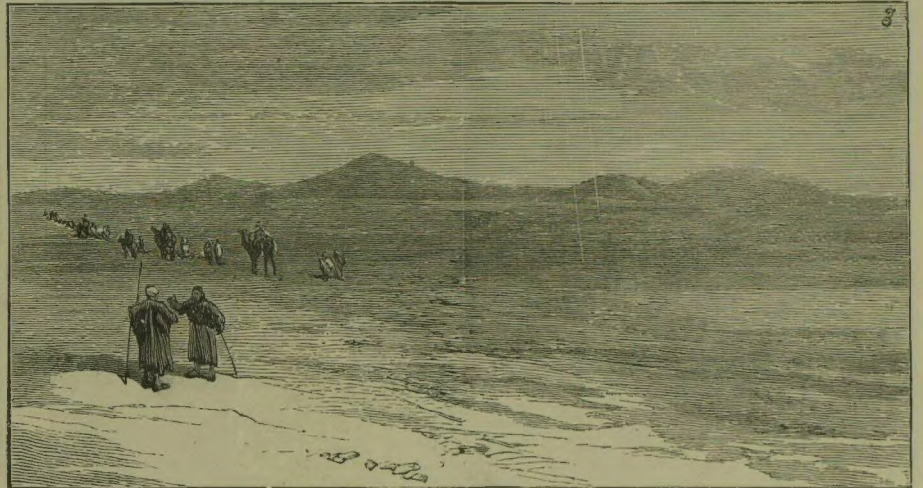
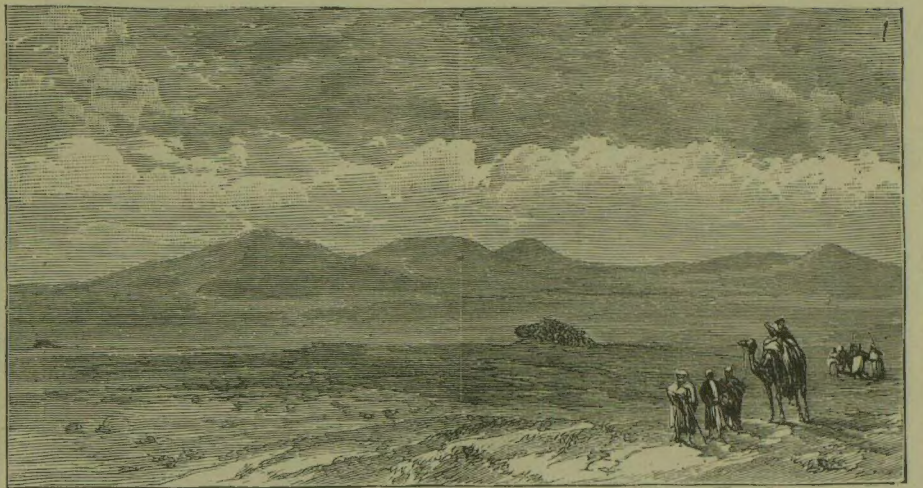
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2. WINE JARS, IN A CHAMBER OF THE PALACE.



3. THE MOUNDS, LOOKING NORTH.

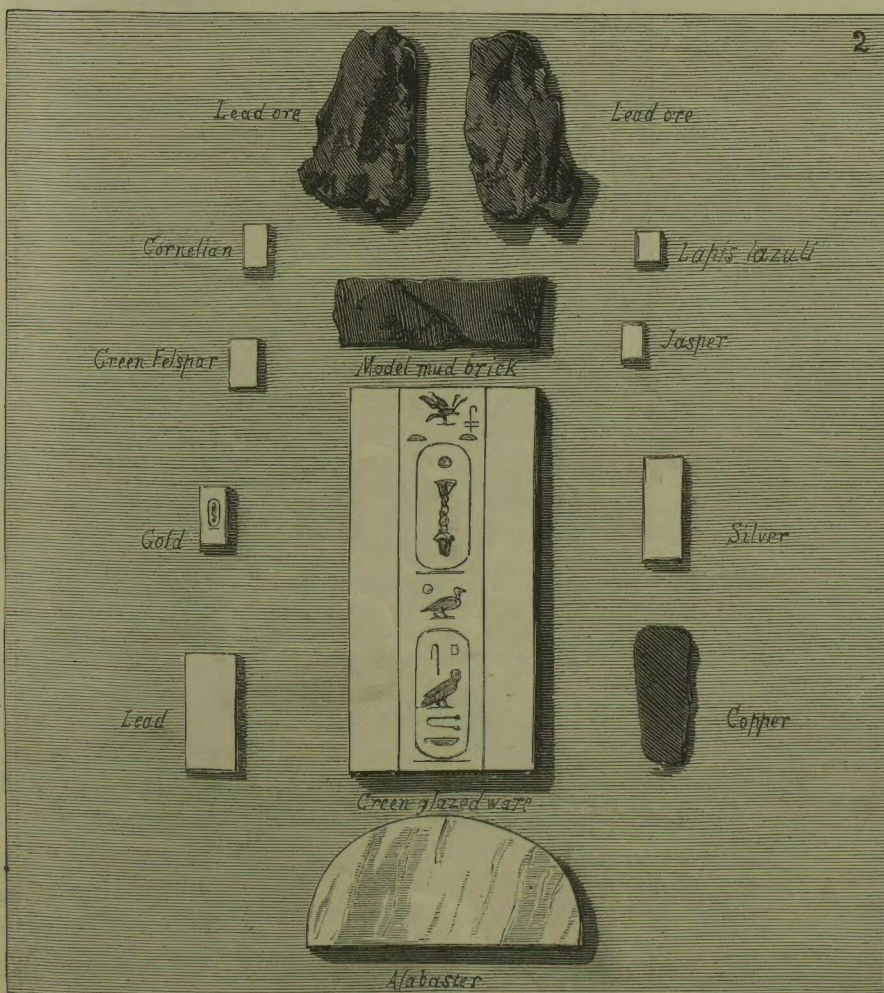
The Egypt Exploration Fund has not rested content with last year's brilliant discovery of the Greek city of Naukratis, in the Delta. During the past winter and spring the further unearthing of this town has been proceeding, while no less than three new sites have been attacked, and the successful results of the campaign are at present on view in the rooms of the Royal Archæological Institute at Oxford Mansion, again generously lent for this purpose.

Last year, it will be remembered, the interest of the excavations centred specially around the Greek problems of art which were thereby solved; in the present exhibition Mr. Petrie, who a third time comes back in triumph, has materials for us all. In his last discovery of Daphnæ, which in variety of interest ranks second to none within the present century, Biblical, Egyptian, and Greek scholars can all find cause for congratulation.

This time it was not, as before, to a site like Naukratis, hitherto unknown, that he directed his steps. Tell Defenneh has long been recognised by scholars as the site which might cover the remains of the historic fortress of Daphnæ. A glance at the map of ancient Egypt shows at once the importance of this point as a strategical position. At the north-east corner of Egypt, near the Pelusiæ mouth of the Nile, the formerly fertile plains of the Delta pushed out a narrow tongue of pastoral land into the trackless and waterless wastes which intervene between that country and Syria. At the extreme corner of this tongue, on the direct caravan route between Egypt and the East, stood, 2500 years ago, two forts, one on either side of the Nile, twin sentinels to guard the north-east gate of Egypt. When Mr. Petrie, last spring, brought his Arab diggers to Defenneh, it was not a frowning fortress in a fertile plain that he attacked; fifteen miles of

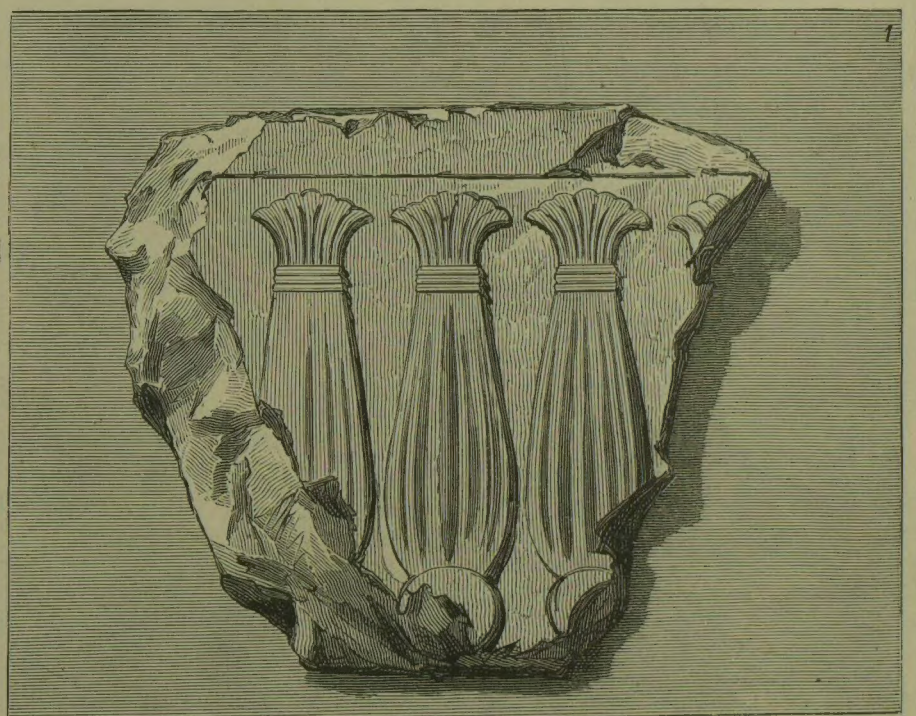
wilderness, where marsh alone varies the monotony of everlasting sand, and where the only shade is that of an occasional telegraph-post, brought his little army to the foot of three mounds, where his tent was pitched near the tamarisk trees, as seen in our Illustration.

Behind the tamarisks runs a brackish canal, which broadens higher up into marshy lakes, the only traces now left there of the Pelusiæ arm of the Nile; these form two sides of a parallelogram about a mile broad, within which lay the town and camp of Daphnæ; and throughout this narrow space the soil is crowded thick with mute witnesses of the teeming life that once must have filled the plain. Towards the centre of this space stands the highest mound of the three, known to local tradition as "El Kasr el Bint el Yahoudi," the "Castle of the Jew's Daughter," a name of special significance, as we shall see: and here Mr. Petrie decided to open the



1. FRAGMENT OF SCULPTURED MARBLE.

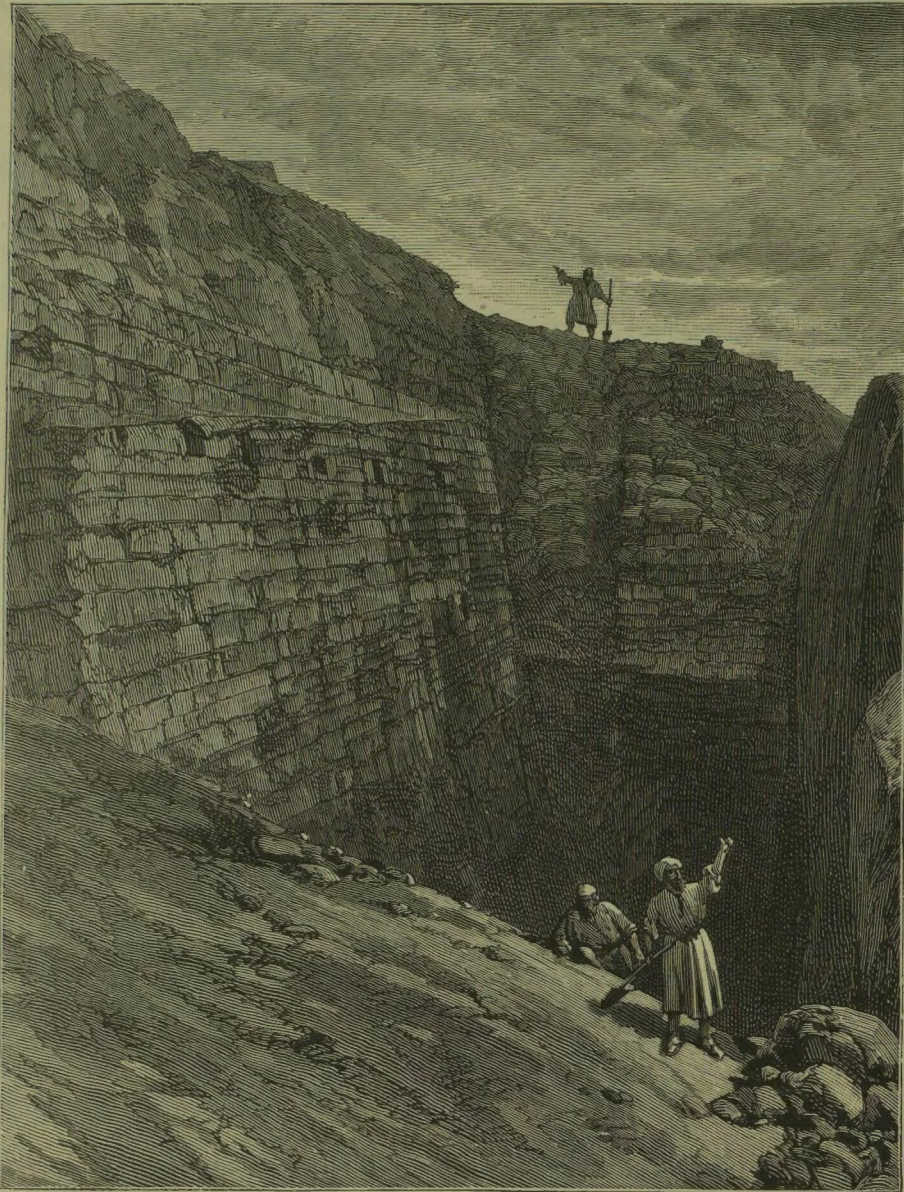
2. OBJECTS DISCOVERED IN THE FOUNDATION.



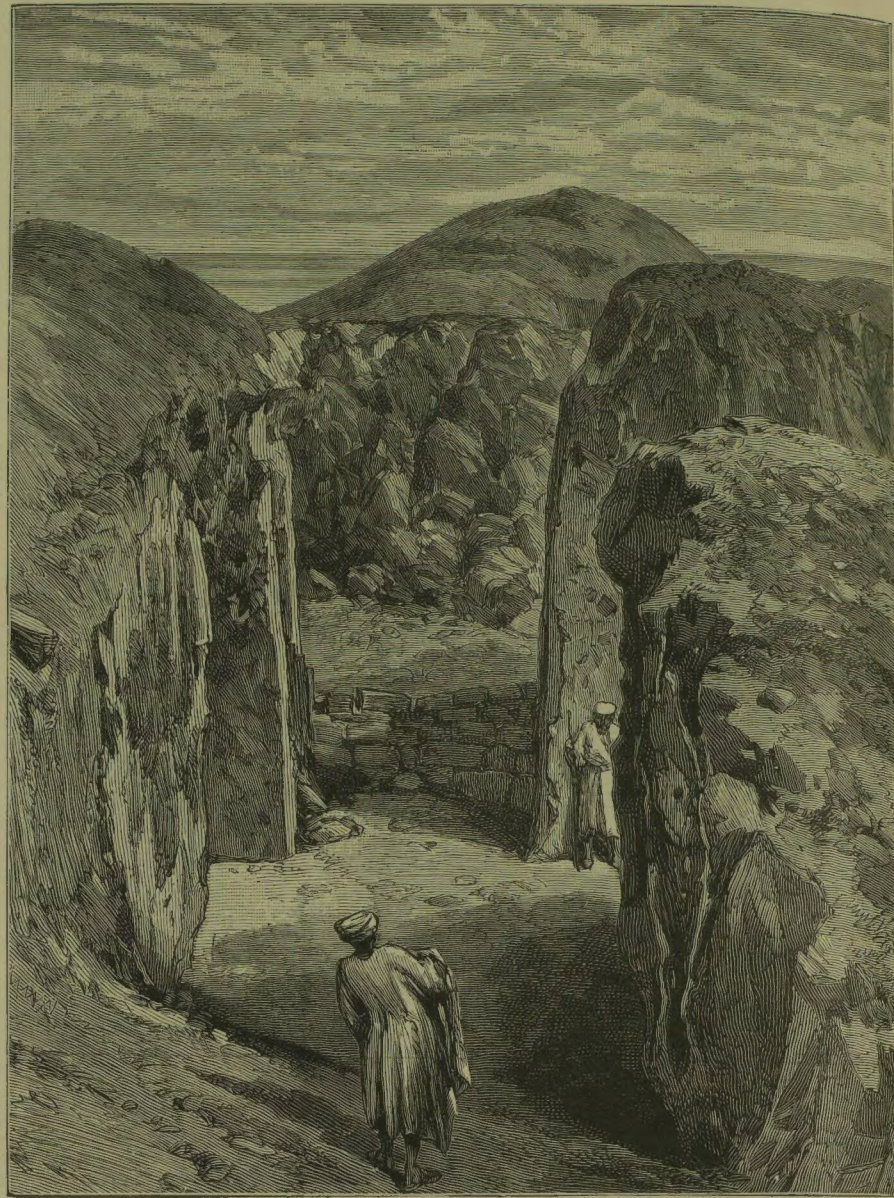
3. MR. FLINDERS PETRIE'S TENT, AND WORKMEN'S QUARTERS.



PHARAOH'S PALACE OF DAPHNÆ (TAHPANHES), IN EGYPT.



CHAMBER IN THE PALACE.



PASSAGE IN THE PALACE.

attack: For the present, however, let us leave him in his tent, and briefly consider what materials had been bequeathed to the explorer by history and the monuments.

The story of Daphnæ is closely interwoven with one of the most interesting chapters of Egyptian history. Herodotus, whose romantic narrative is in the main accepted, tells us of the foundation of the fort under Psamtik I., in B.C. 650. At

the death of the Ethiopian King Tirhakah, B.C. 666, which left Egypt at the last stage of demoralisation and distress, the country was split up into twelve petty principalities, among whom Psamtik figures in the annals of Assurbanipal as Prince of Memphis and Sais; an oracle had foretold that whichever of the twelve Princes should pour a libation "out of a bronze cup" should become King over them all. One

day, when all the Princes were sacrificing to the god Ptah, the priest had omitted to bring out the twelfth cup of gold, and when it came to Psamtik's turn he unthinkingly snatched off his bronze helmet and used that for his libation; seeing that the oracle had thus been fulfilled, the eleven Princes took counsel to put Psamtik to death, but eventually were content to drive him forth into the marshes of the Delta. Here,



WEST WALL OF FORT.



PHARAOH'S PALACE OF DAPHNÆ, IN EGYPT: VIEW OF EXCAVATIONS, LOOKING SOUTH-WEST.

PHARAOH'S PALACE OF DAPHNÆ (TAHPANHES), IN EGYPT.

while brooding over his wrongs, the oracle of Buto told him that "vengeance should come from the sea, on the day that men of bronze should come out thence." Soon after, the arrival of some Carian and Ionian plunderers, clad in bronze cuirasses, explained the mystery; Psamtik took them into his pay, and by their help overcame his eleven rivals. The moment was ripe for ambitious projects; Babylon, which alone was likely to offer an opposition, was fully occupied with an intestine revolt. Assyria's weakness was Egypt's opportunity, and Psamtik I. had leisure to consolidate his sway. The canals and roads, long disused, were reopened; the larger towns, which had one and all suffered at the hands of Assyrian or Ethiopian invaders, were rebuilt and beautified; a fleet of Phoenicians was formed; and an army was prepared for foreign conquest, when an unforeseen calamity changed the course of events.

The Greek mercenaries, who had so greatly helped Psamtik's cause, were rewarded in proportion to their services. The King had founded three forts—namely, Elephantine, for defence against the Ethiopians; Marea, against the Libyans; and Daphnæ, against the Arabs and Syrians. The last of these was prepared partly as a Royal residence, partly as a garrison of the King's favourite Greek troops and body-guard. Doubtless, to the exclusive national bias of the Egyptian soldiery, the mere presence of these foreigners fighting under their flag was an offence; and, when their assistance was no longer necessary, this feeling of hostility became intensified, and a large number of the military caste deserted en masse; of the fruitless pursuit of these deserters by the King and his Carians, it is possible we have a curious record in the celebrated Greek inscription carved on the legs of the colossal statue at Abu Simbel, which states the names of certain persons who, "when the King sailed up the Nile, journeyed with him as far as Elephantine."

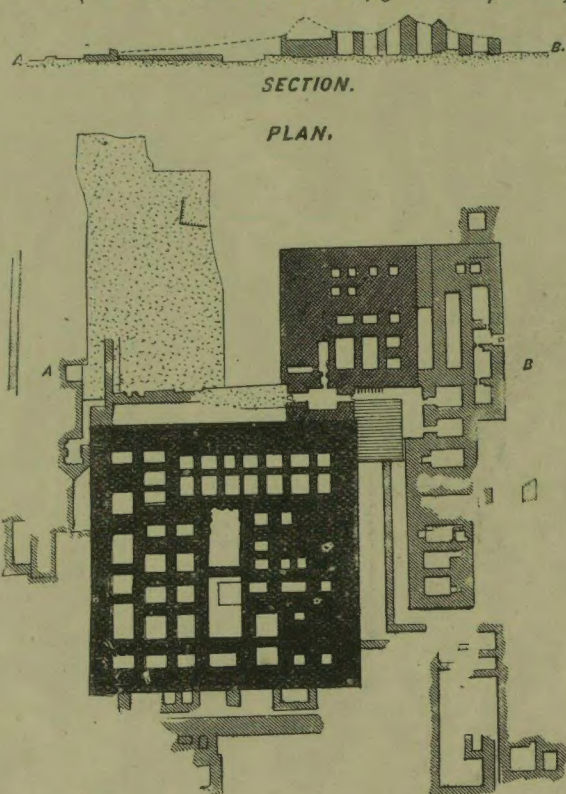
The ambitious projects of Psamtik I. devolved on his son, Necho, who conquered all Syria, overthrowing Josiah and placing Jehoiakim on the throne of Judæa; as a record of his gratitude to the Greeks who had served in this campaign, he dedicated at the Temple of Apollo, at Miletos, the garment which he had worn. It is doubtless to these same Greeks that Jeremiah refers (xvi. 9) when he speaks of the "Lydians that handle and bend the bow." Necho died in 595, and his son, Psamtik II., six years later, without effecting anything of importance. But the accession of the ambitious Pharaoh—Hophra was the signal for a general revolt against the Assyrian power; Egypt, Phœnicia, and Judæa all rose in arms; and we know from Jeremiah the story of this ill-advised alliance with the "broken reed" of Egypt, which resulted in the overthrow and captivity of Zedekiah. He relates, too, the discords which arose among the remnant of the people left in Jerusalem; and how, fearing the Babylonian wrath, the slayers of Ishmael took the daughters of Zedekiah, and the prophet himself, and carried them "into the land of Egypt, even to Tahpanhes." As to the fulfilment of the disasters which the prophet foretold against Egypt at the hand of Nebuchadnezzar, there seems to be some doubt; it is certain, at any rate, that the Babylonian host reached Egypt. But the Greek fleet of Pharaoh-Hophra gave him the supremacy of the sea, and it seems clear that his enemies experienced a severe check. His tolerance of the hated foreigners—again, probably, these Daphnæ Greeks—eventually proved his downfall. A large force of native troops had been nearly annihilated in an expedition against Cyrenæ, and the priests and people affected to believe that their destruction had been fore-arranged; a sedition broke out, and Aahmes was placed on the throne. Too wise to repeat the mistake of his predecessor, this King partly removed the ground of offence in reducing the Greeks in Egypt to a minimum; Naukratis alone was permitted them for trade, and the garrison at Daphnæ was removed to the court at Memphis. Last scene of all, before the curtain closes on Daphnæ: Herodotus says that in his day the town indeed was in ruins, but the port was held by a garrison of Persians; doubtless, as a military position, it was still kept up for some period; but its raison d'être was gone, and, to all intents, its history ends with the deportation of the Greeks under Aahmes.

Such is in brief the outline of the events in which the Kasr must have played a part. Four Kings within the century had passed away, and four different races had found a home within its wall. With its brief history before us, we can scarcely imagine a place in ancient history where the *admonitus loci* so strongly appeals to the imagination as here. Its story covers a period of little over a hundred years; and yet, what moving scenes must it not have witnessed! Here must have passed into Asia the chariots and horsemen of Necho, to return laden with the spoils of Syria and Judæa. Here from his watch-tower on the palace top the Carian sentry of Pharaoh-Hophra must have strained his eyes eastward, looking ever for the cloud of dust and glint of arms which heralded the avenging armies of Nebuchadnezzar. Here Jeremiah may well have foretold the coming of the Babylonian host:—"Then came the word of the Lord unto Jeremiah in Tahpanhes, saying, Take great stones in thine hand and hide them in mortar in the brickwork which is at the entry of Pharaoh's house in Tahpanhes, in the sight of the men of Judah; and say unto them, 'Thus saith the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel: behold, I will send and take Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon, my servant, and will set his throne upon these stones that I have hid; and he shall spread his Royal pavilion over them. And he shall come and shall smite the land of Egypt; such as are for death shall be given to death, and such as are for captivity to captivity, and such as are for the sword to the sword.'" (Chap. xliii., 8—11.)

It is, in truth, this very "house of Pharaoh at Tahpanhes" which Mr. Petrie has found, and where we left him in his (not Royal) "pavilion";

and we may now see that his discoveries bear out, in a most striking degree, the relation of history. When, under the energetic spades of the little expedition, the mounds and plain were induced to render up their secrets, it was found that the shapeless mound concealed the remains of a gigantic square keep, with sixteen chambers on each floor, of which naturally only the basement remained nearly intact, the

EL KASR EL BINT EL YEHUDI, DEFENNEH
(The Palace of the Jew's Daughter, Tahpanhes).



remainder having gone to form the débris of the mound. The Kasr stands in the midst of a courtyard, which again was inclosed within an immense walled area, 2000 ft. by 1000 ft.; the great boundary wall, of which the only trace is now the empty space amid the potsherds, as in our Illustration, was 50 ft. thick; within the soil that it inclosed were found remnants of the muniments of war, horses' bits, arrow-heads, weapons, and implements in iron, together with all the traces of an iron foundry.

Out in the plain were the traces of a town, with the line of streets and basements of the houses still clearly marked; here were discovered pieces of jewellery and numerous small weights such as goldsmiths would employ; while pottery was scattered broadcast everywhere. As yet, no remains of a temple have come to light, though there are walled enclosures within which these may have stood. The entire character of the remains is, in fact, precisely what we should expect from history: a fortress of great strength, and yet on a scale befitting the abode of Kings; a barrack where a great force of soldiery could find quarters; and just so much of a town as would naturally gather around such a nucleus, with industries suitable to its Greek population. In one of the lakes near the town may even be seen traces of the docks, where, the father of history tells us, the Greek ships were laid up.

If we now turn to the exhibition at Oxford Mansion, we shall find that the date of the Kasr is placed beyond a doubt. Warned by his Naukratis experience, Mr. Petrie searched under the foundations, and discovered at each corner a complete set of foundation deposits, as given in our Illustration. These bring before us, in a most striking degree, the whole ceremony of the dedication. We have models of the objects

used in the sacrifice, consisting of libation vases, corn-rubbers, and the actual bones of the sacrificial ox; we have models of the bricks employed, specimens of ore, and a series of little tablets in gold, silver, lapis-lazuli, jasper, cornelian, and porcelain; these latter are all engraved with the name and titles of the Royal founder, Psamtik I.

One case in the collection will be viewed with special interest by the curious. In the Egyptian houses, like our own, the basement was apparently consecrated to the domestic offices of the establishment; and Mr. Petrie has even been admitted to the *arcana* of the Royal household; in the pantry of "Pharaoh's chief butler" were numerous jar lids and plaster amphora-stoppers, broken off, no doubt, when the jars were "uncorked" for consumption. According to the general practice, these stoppers were stamped with the Royal names, and we have in consequence a nearly complete series of the Royal names of the very periods of which we have spoken—Psamtik I., Necho, Psamtik II., and Aahmes. Hard by stood the kitchen, doubtless presided over by "Pharaoh's chief baker," with dressers, jars, and dishes complete; and near this again a small room, which must have served as a scullery, for it has all the appurtenances of washing up. All these rooms are well represented in Oxford Mansion.

Among the other objects found in the palace is a piece of scale-armour, of which only one other piece (now in the British Museum) has ever been discovered; the British Museum fragment is on hardened linen, and this may possibly explain a problem which has long puzzled archaeologists: it will be remembered that Aahmes, following the example of Necho, dedicated in a Greek temple his cuirass of linen. Various attempts have been made to explain away this apparent paradox; may it not be that the cuirass of Aahmes was of linen covered with scale-armour? In a hot country like Egypt, the ordinary bronze cuirass would be insupportable; the inventive genius of the Greek mercenaries may well have discovered this substitute, which at once provided for security and ventilation. A cuirass of this description, from its novelty and difficult construction, would thus be an object not unworthy of dedication by an Egyptian King in a temple of the Greeks.

In two disused chambers of the palace were found a quantity of Greek painted pottery; the interest of these in the study of early Greek vases cannot be overrated. From the circumstances of their find, we can date every example to within a period of thirty years (580-550 B.C.). Curiously enough, the only trace of Naukratis ware in all this mass consists of two insignificant fragments; the remainder is painted in styles of most of which we already have examples—Fikellura, Rhodian, Geometric, &c.; but in almost every case some slight difference in detail or treatment marks the fabric as specially local.

The art of the Twenty-sixth (Saite) Dynasty may be called the Renaissance of Egyptian art; native artists were beginning, no doubt, to feel the influence of the Ionian immigrations; and, in consequence, we have here a style characterised by graceful elegance, refinement of detail, and marvellous execution. No better example of this can be quoted than the lovely little gold statuette of the war god Mentu, which stands in a wall case beside the Liliputian silver shrine made to contain it. Space forbids us to speak of the numerous other objects of interest which are exhibited here; of the magnificent collection of Egyptian necklaces and jewellery; of the objects in glass, porcelain, and terra-cotta; these must be seen to be appreciated. But one fact more we cannot pass over. In the glass case by the window are two little rude human figures in terra-cotta and stone, precisely like the so-called "prehistoric" *xoana* from the Greek islands; with these were found some pottery like the "island" type, and a rude terra-cotta statuette of a Carian in crested helmet, like the one which Mr. Newton found beneath the foundations of the Carian mausoleum; it looks as if Köhler's theory of the Carian origin of these "island" objects might one day be confirmed.

Of the objects from the other sites excavated this year, space does not permit us to speak as they deserve; we may, however, mention several that should on no account be missed. From Nebeshah, near Tanis, comes two complete sets of mummy amulets arranged as found on the body; the very beautiful masonic deposits of Aahmes II. from the Temple of Uati; and a fine collection of bronzes. From Gamayem come a magnificent portable ark of the god Ptah, including the bronze statuette of the god, the capitals of the columns which supported the canopy, the hinges, socket, &c., and some of the glass mosaics with which it was inlaid; a bronze lamp reflector with socket and chain, and a series of sculptors' models in clay.

Lastly, from Kantara, on the Syrian frontier, possibly the Roman successor of Daphnæ in outpost duty, a Latin inscription, discovered by Mr. F. Ll. Griffiths, recording that the first wing of the Thracian legion was stationed there in the time of Marcus Aurelius.

Besides the objects now on view, Mr. Petrie has brought over a great collection of duplicates, many of them valuable and interesting in themselves, but objects which are already represented at Oxford Mansion.

The exhibition of these most interesting discoveries is open to the public on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, between ten and four, till the 21st inst., on presentation of card. One word in conclusion: for the third year now in succession archaeology has incurred a heavy debt of gratitude for the patriotic undertakings of the Egypt Exploration Fund. Few societies can boast three such triumphs in so short a period as Tanis, Naukratis, Daphnæ; in a large measure the success has been due to the indefatigable secretaries of the fund, and to the courage, energy, and persevering skill of Mr. Flinders Petrie.

CECIL SMITH.

